

The TATLER

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January 6, 1937



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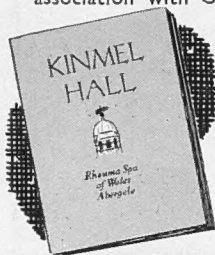
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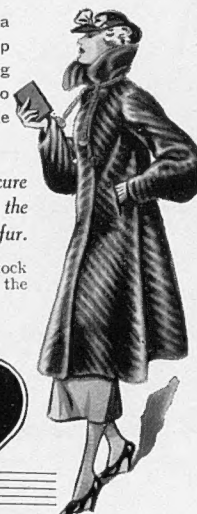
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GRETA GARBO IN HAPPY MOOD

Sweden's lovely and supremely famous film star, whose inscrutability is proof even against her greatest friends, does smile sometimes, even off the set. She is seen here awaiting a scene with Robert Taylor in "Camille," which George Cukor directed for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. A photograph of the Garbo is always welcome, and she is very much in the news again at the moment, having been awarded the Golden Medal for Literature and Art by King Gustav of Sweden last week; this tremendous distinction was conferred on her at a meeting of the Council of State in Stockholm



A SKI-FARING FAMILY AT ST. MORITZ

Sir Victor and Lady Warrender and their sons, John, Robin and Simon, getting set for a good long test of equilibrium. They arrived at St. Moritz in time for Christmas, and have given their skis any amount of exercise. Sir Victor Warrender, Grantham's popular M.P., has been Financial Secretary to the Admiralty since 1935

EARLY New Year, and time enough to have realised how many of those good resolutions we made less than a week ago have already been broken. Still, the annual personal stocktaking does serve some useful purpose. If we are honest it helps us to some extent to see ourselves as, perhaps, others see us, and that cannot fail to be salutary.

Even printers have to have holidays now and again, so, though it happened about a fortnight ago, let us give our hearty congratulations to the Duke and Duchess of Kent on the arrival of the little Princess, the highly appreciated Christmas present, at 3, Belgrave Square.

The Duchess's choice of a great deal of blue in the garments prepared for the new arrival were not wholly made with the idea of welcoming a brother for Prince Edward. On the Continent blue is the girl's colour, and though both the Duke and Duchess would have welcomed another son, the small Princess was not many hours old before she had firmly established herself in both their affections.

Her eyes are as blue as any girl's can be, her hair a bright gold, and although she is, as modern babies go, light in weight, she is an entirely healthy and cheerful little girl. Small Prince Edward's reactions to his baby sister caused a certain amount of amusement to his parents. Her presence puzzled him to some extent—he was not quite certain what to make of the new and strange arrival. So long as she was quietly asleep he was unconcerned, but when she cried, as babies will, his features registered complete bewilderment!

Good health to the Princess, whose arrival has

PANORAMA



ENGAGED: MISS ESTHER PEARL LASKI AND MR. JOHN HOWARD

Two more people who are finding St. Moritz lots of fun. Miss Laski, daughter of Mr. Neville Laski, K.C., is known as Marghanita to her friends. She and her fiancé, Mr. John Howard, were up at Oxford together and both took their Schools last June. Their engagement is among quite recent announcements

brought extra happiness into an already very happy household.

And while we are on the subject of royalty, by the time these words are in print it will be just about twenty-four hours before the wedding of Princess Juliana of Holland and Prince Bernhard zur Lippe-Biesterfeld.

The Dutch people have been beside themselves with excitement for weeks past at the idea of the marriage of their future Queen. Their last big national "party" was when the Queen married many years' ago. But though the streets are to be decorated and the wedding day will be a national holiday, Queen Wilhelmina has insisted that the arrangements for the wedding and details of the dresses shall be kept secret. The Queen of Holland, unlike most of the crowned heads of Europe, has never become used to publicity, and although meagre scraps of information mention blue mixed with the white frocks of the bridesmaids, white for the bride with a lace veil, part of the collection of old lace



LADY CLAUD HAMILTON

The Duke of Abercorn's sister-in-law, with Pamela Newall, her thirteen-year-old daughter by her first marriage. Lord Claud Hamilton, Captain Grenadier Guards (Reserve of Officers), was appointed Comptroller, Treasurer and Extra Equerry to H.M. Queen Mary last year. He is the only brother of the Governor of Northern Ireland. Lord and Lady Claud Hamilton's London address is St. James's Palace

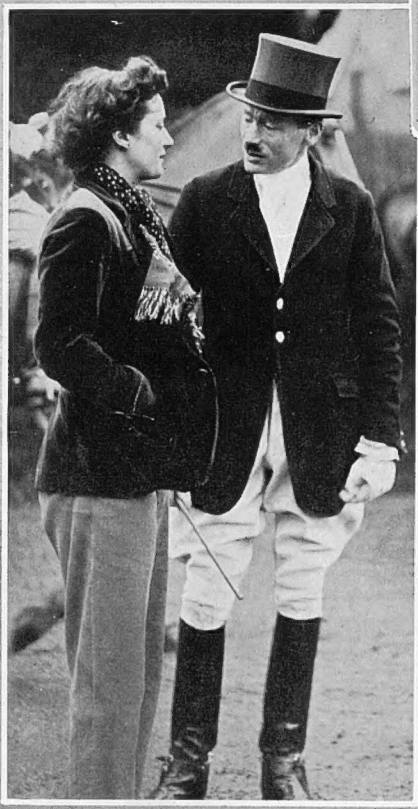
Lenore

that belonged to the bride's grandmother, the late Queen Emma, oysters are chatty compared to palace officials asked questions about the forthcoming ceremony.

Our own Royal Family, while far from seeking publicity, have always understood and sympathised with the national desire to share any domestic event connected with them, and scores of brides were able, thanks to Royal consideration, to get ideas for their own trousseaux from the sketches and descriptions allowed to be published of the frocks made for the Duchess of Gloucester and the Duchess of Kent. Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret, and even the small Prince Edward, have already been responsible, unconsciously, for setting several fashions for juveniles.

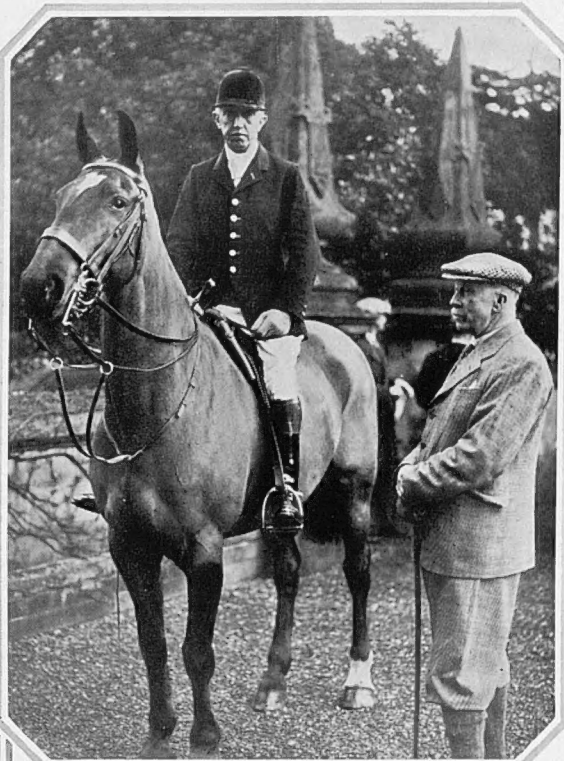
At what age does one become too old to enjoy the annual Chelsea Arts Ball which ushers in the New Year at the Albert Hall? The right answer would seem to be "Never," for among the many hundreds who danced there last Thursday night there were very many who will never see sixty again, and were proud to tell the world of the number of balls they had attended on similar occasions. Boxes were crowded as usual, and dancing was almost an impossibility during the early part of the evening, but no one ever does expect to move quickly over the floor at the Albert Hall on December 31st. The slower the progress the more chance there is of studying the dresses and of catching sight of friends. As a place for renewing acquaintances I know of nowhere to beat the Albert Hall on Chelsea Arts Ball night, unless it's the Royal Enclosure on Gold Cup Day at Ascot!

At the Savoy, at Grosvenor House, where about sixteen hundred people managed somehow to find seats, at the Ritz, at Quaglin's



WITH THE COTTEMORE AT
BRAUNSTON

Mrs. Leo Partridge passing the time of day with the Cottemore's hard-riding Secretary, Major Cavenagh. Like all the other Leicestershire packs these hounds have been having great sport of late



SIR HAROLD NUTTING, MASTER OF THE
QUORN, AND LORD LANESBOROUGH

A snapshot taken the day the Quorn met at Beaumanor, Mr. William and Lady Kathleen Curzon-Herrick's house near Loughborough, Leicestershire. Sir Harold Nutting has been showing his followers some marvellously good fun recently, and the good scenting conditions are giving hounds the best of chances. Lord Lanesborough's seat is Swithland Hall, Loughborough

where, in the absence through illness of Ernest, the older brother has been carrying on alone for several weeks, at the Café de Paris or the Embassy, Londoners gathered, as they do every year, to welcome the New-Comer. If all our preliminary hopes of a prosperous twelve months are fulfilled, we shan't have much of which to complain when we say good-bye to 1937.

Those peculiarly English institutions, Hunt Balls, are in full swing just now. The peak of the season is, I imagine, reached on Friday, when no fewer than fifteen Hunt Balls, including such famous ones as the Bramham Moor and the Pytchley, are taking place in various parts of the country.

For the Pytchley, Lord Braye is lending Stanford Hall, near



SONJA HENJE—FILM STAR

The world famous lady skating champion at the airport at Newark, New Jersey, just after landing from Hollywood, where she has just completed her first film "One In A Million." Sonja Henje turned professional skater after the Olympic Championship last year

Rugby. He is, by the way, one of our artistic peers, with a special predilection for painting pictures of London, a taste that necessitates his getting up at five o'clock in the morning if his work is to be carried on without the risk of arousing the curiosity of passers-by. Sea pictures, too, are included in Lord Braye's work, due, no doubt, to the fact that he served for many years in the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve.

Whether it is true or not that four thousand people were refused accommodation at St. Moritz over Christmas and New Year, it is certainly true that the crush in the Palace Bar and in the funiculars which ply between the town, Chantarella and Corviglia, was terrific. Those able to pursue their pleasures in peace and comfort were the curlers! It is a mistake to imagine that only veterans enjoy the Scottish game in Switzerland. Apart from jockeys, who have always been keen about it, there are now a number of younger enthusiasts, men who find a half-day's ski-ing quite enough "fatigue," and others, like Harry Morgan, who ride the Cresta at what late-nighters call "daybreak," then breakfast and sunbathe before an early lunch, and "get down to it" on the Kulm rink afterwards.

A novice this season is Mr. Vernon Tate, and a veteran who seldom disappoints his team is Colonel Dalrymple-Hamilton. He and Lady Marjorie arrived with Miss Jacqueline Vereker, Lord Gort's amusing daughter, just after Christmas. Another attractive girl is Miss Ursula Gibbons, chaperoned by her mother, Lady Orr-Lewis, and clever brother, Edgar Gibbons, who is up at Oxford. Mrs. Humphrey Butler is presenting her, and several people are giving her "coming out" parties in the season. Although the Oxford and

(Continued overleaf)

PANORAMA—continued

Cambridge ski clubs are elsewhere this winter, which means a drop in the list of breakages (mugs and limbs), many hearty bachelors are to be seen skiing hell-for-leather down Corviglia, or playing bowls in the Steffani after tea. This mania for bowls is a new phase in St. Moritz life. One of the embryo champions is Mr. "Dick" Thornton, whose family has a good shoot in Angus. His brother is Mrs. Maurice Brett's son-in-law.

Attractive women who arrived complete with husbands last week included Lady Plunket, Mrs. Hugh Leveson-Gower, and Madame Joerggen Bagge. Her husband, the Danish polo player, popular at Deauville and at Bagatelle, is a half-brother of Baron Wedell Wedellsborg, whose castle in Denmark, visited by the then Prince of Wales two years ago, is now suggested as a possible retreat for the Duke of Windsor next summer. It is a heavenly place providing many sorts of sport and complete privacy.

At Mürren, that miniature village in the Bernese Oberland, perched upon the edge of a precipice beneath the shadow of the towering Jungfrau, the snow lies as deep and crisp and even as any that Good King Wenceslas ever looked out on. An essentially all-British element prevails at the Palace Hotel, which seems like some mammoth English country mansion that has somehow been transported to the wilds of this remote mountain fastness. Here Lady Mabel Lunn, the uncrowned queen of this Alpine location, holds court, presiding over a vast party whose numbers steadily increase as the days go by, a recent recruit being her husband, Mr. Arnold Lunn, who has arrived from America fresh from the triumphs of his lecture tour in the Middle West. He expects to return to the States next autumn, when Lady Mabel will probably accompany him. Son Peter is meanwhile at Zermatt, and small daughter, Jacquetta, still in London, laid low by a cold, but both will be looking in on Mürren before long.

Life at Mürren provides plenty of scope for persons with energetic inclinations. Those who do not go off on long expeditions benefit by the sumptuous buffet lunch which is a special feature of the Palace. Picture a long table laden with succulent "eats" from which you may choose at will anything from a tender steak to caramel cream. It is indeed the gourmet's delight. Only an exceptionally strong will-power and a certain respect for the figure can save one from gross over-feeding. Some prefer to partake of their mid-day meal on the terrace by the rink—like Marjorie, Lady Nunburnholme, who, when the sun is particularly strong, covers her head with an outsize linen handkerchief. Her younger son, David Wilson, has just joined her from Italy,

where he has been training with the Cambridge ski team at Breuil. Lady Nunburnholme spends the greater part of the day on the ice, performing intricate figures with the maximum of ease and grace. She manages to put in an hour or two curling as a rule and shows considerable aptitude at the game.

* * *

Charity balls are few and far between at this season, but organisers are busy with plans for the Coronation year, during which they expect to reap a fine harvest for "good causes."

Better than most public balls was the Circus Ball at Olympia. The ten shilling tickets were widely popular, and it was great fun and rather like a game of hide-and-seek on a huge scale to try to find friends or spot "celebrities" in the crowds who filled the ball-room, dashed upstairs in search of supper, or wandered in and out among the attractions of the Fun Fair.

Lady Iris Mountbatten, only daughter of Lord and Lady Carisbrook and a Coronation year debutante, was enjoying herself immensely with two of her friends who had "finished" as her contemporaries at Munich.

The Louis Greigs were in another party and Mrs. Heriot-Maitland—who before her marriage was Patty Beirs—chaperoned her younger sister, Maureen. Another Coronation year debutante of whom I caught a glimpse was Lady Alma Le Poer Trench, who was enjoying the Fun Fair with a partner in the electric motor boat. She was to have come out last year, but remained abroad finishing her education.

* * *

Departures from London continue every day. Lady Louis Mountbatten decided to take a week or two off from watching the progress of the work of decorating and furnishing her penthouse in Upper Brook Street, and left for Sestrières a few days ago. Her sister, the Hon. Mrs. Cunningham-Reid, went with her.

Lady Juliet Duff will soon be off to America, en route for Hollywood, with her son, Sir Michael Duff-Assheton-Smith, whose Christmas and New Year house party at Vaynol was, as always, a brilliant success. Lady Juliet, acting as hostess for her son, heard on Christmas Day by telephone of the birth of the little Princess, and the news came early enough for all the guests to drink her health at the lunch table.

The Hon. David Herbert is another who will be missed from house parties early in the New Year. His choice for a winter holiday is the West Indies.

Lord Tredegar is already on his way to Bali. Sir Alfred Beit has decided on India, where no doubt a stay at Viceregal Lodge, Delhi, will be sandwiched between the more strenuous activities of tiger shooting; and Lord and Lady Monsell, with their youngest daughter Patricia, are off to South Africa this week on a tour that is likely to last until April.



LORD AND LADY CONYNGHAM'S THREE-GENERATION HOUSE PARTY

An interesting group taken at the Marquess of Conyngham's Scottish seat, Amat Lodge, Ardgay, Ross-shire, in which three generations of the family are included. (Left to right) Lady Frederick Conyngham, Major J. W. H. Thompson, the Marchioness Conyngham (his daughter), the Marquess Conyngham, the Earl of Mount Charles (the heir) and Miss Antoinette Constance (daughter of Lady Conyngham by her first marriage)

before her marriage was Patty Beirs—chaperoned her younger sister, Maureen. Another Coronation year debutante of whom I caught a glimpse was Lady Alma Le Poer Trench, who was enjoying the Fun Fair with a partner in the electric motor boat. She was to have come out last year, but remained abroad finishing her education.



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LADY WINIFRIDE HOWARD

The youngest sister of the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl Marshal of England, and one of the busiest men in the whole country at this moment in connection with the Coronation ceremonial. The Duke of Norfolk's wedding to the Hon. Lavinia Strutt, Lord Belper's only daughter, is fixed to take place at the Brompton Oratory on January 27 at 2.30 p.m. The Duke of Norfolk's other sisters are Lady Mary and Lady Katherine Howard

LAST WEEK'S 'CHASING AND HUNTING OCCASIONS



LADY MOUNT (left) AND LADY MOWBRAY AT NEWBURY



ALSO AT NEWBURY: LADY CARDEN, MR. TOM THORNYCROFT AND MISS RENNIE



THE HON. MRS. MORGAN-JONES AND THE HON. CECILY BERRY



WITH THE COTTESMORE: THE HON. MRS. MURRAY SMITH AND HER SON



MISS U. LIVINGSTONE-LEARMONTH, MR. P. M. WIGGIN AND MRS. BAILEY AT CHELTENHAM



LADY MAY ABEL SMITH AND MRS. HEYGATE AT BEAUMANOR

This page of outdoor activities starts with three pictures taken at the Newbury Old Year Steeplechase Meeting, which agreeably wound up the National Hunt season of 1936. Sir William Mount's wife was out and about with Lady Mowbray, and Mr. Tom Thornycroft, of motor boat racing fame, came with Lady Carden's party from Stargroves. The Hon. Mrs. Morgan-Jones, whose husband, Mr. Gwyn Morgan-Jones, is in the Life Guards, had her youngest and school-girl sister, the Hon. Cecily Berry, staying with her for Christmas, and 'chasing at Newbury was included in their holiday plans. The Hon. Cecily Berry will be seventeen next year. On the Cottesmore's Braunston day—when they had a great hunt of 95 minutes, killing their fox, and a brilliant half-hour gallop to finish up with—the Hon. Mrs. Murray Smith and her younger son, Peregrine, were among the pedestrians. Mrs. Murray Smith is Lord Burnham's younger daughter. 'Chasegoers at Cheltenham included Brigadier-General E. A. Wiggin's sociable son, Mr. Peter Wiggin, 11th Hussars, who married into the large Livingstone-Learmonth clan. The remaining picture was taken when Mrs. Francis Abel Smith and her son and daughter-in-law, Major Henry and Lady May Abel Smith, were at home to the Quorn at Beaumanor, which Mrs. Abel Smith rents from Mr. William Curzon-Herrick. Unfortunately little Miss Ann Abel Smith and her brother Richard had colds which kept them indoors, but they saw what they could from the window

THE CINEMA

Un-making History

By JAMES AGATE

ACCORDING to the cinema magnates the whole of history is based on the principle of *Cherchez la femme!* And not only on the principle of seeking the lady but of finding her. English history may be, and in part has been, reconstructed on this principle. William the Conqueror came over to this country because his liaison with the Duchesse de Pontet-Canet was forbidden by Pape Clément. William Rufus was slain by Walter Tyrell because he made love to the latter's wife. Henry II had Becket murdered because he caught him winking at Fair Rosamund. Richard I went to war with the Saladin to rescue Loretta Young. Edward III pardoned the six brave burghers of Calais because Queen Philippa was in love with Eustace de St. Pierre. Richard III murdered the little Princes in the Tower because he had a grudge against Queen Margaret and the two other hags who prance through Shakespeare's play on the subject. Henry VIII is too easy. Lady Jane Grey is all about Nova Pilbeam, and Queen Elizabeth is principally known as having run the Little Theatre of the period. If I do not continue in this strain, it is because my knowledge of history stops at this point. In my young days I went to three schools, and history, in so far as I was made acquainted with it, began with the Battle of Hastings, and ended on that snowy morning when Charles I walked out of a window in Whitehall to be executed. I suppose the four Georges were dealt with at one period or another in the curriculum of these schools; I only know that I never encountered them. I once saw a play by Mr. Clifford Bax which was set in the period of George I, and all I gathered was that a nobleman of the period escaped execution owing to a wife who wittily pretended to have toothache. If I remember aright, the only people of importance in this reign were this Lord and Lady Nithsdale. As for the other Georges, I have never had the slightest notion why the English should be fighting the French at Quebec, the Scots at Culloden, the Turks at Navarino, or the French again at Dettingen. To this day Oudenarde and Malplaquet are merely names in crossword puzzles, and I have never yet been able to find out what teams were playing at Austerlitz and Marengo. The reader may ask what all this has to do with *The Charge of the Light Brigade* at the Carlton. The answer is that it has at least as much to do with that film as that film has to do with what I believe to have been an historical event. Let me make it clear that I am not posing as an authority on that event. I have looked up *Little Arthur*, and find an illustration entitled "*The Charge of the Heavy Brigade*," without any word in the text concerning these hearties.

Let me rather state what I saw and what I gathered of history at the Carlton. There was a very Beautiful Officer in the English Army in India who was in love with his Colonel's daughter. Unfortunately, during her fiancé's absence on some expedition she fell in love with his younger brother, and this led to many long and painful scenes in ball-rooms, conservatories, and tents. About an hour and a half after the beginning of the film, the Beautiful Officer found himself shut up in what appeared to be the same fort which did duty in *Beau Geste*. He and his men were beleaguered by the same Arabs masquerading as Indians and commanded by the Rajah in *The Green Goddess*, obviously acted by George Arliss's younger brother. After a deal of falling from Tarpeian rocks rising sheer from the plain, the English escaped because the

Beautiful Officer, disguised, but with the legs of his British uniform still showing, had impersonated the Indian leader and ordered the Indians to retire. Later on they came back and overwhelmed the English, but said they would allow them to go home with honours of war and a safe conduct for their women and children, because the Beautiful Officer had shot a leopard which was about to maul the Rajah when he tumbled out of his howdah! (Does the reader ask what all this has to do with the Charge of the Light Brigade? He must wait another ten seconds, and reflect that at the Carlton I had to wait nearly two hours!). No sooner had the women and children marched out of the fort than the Rajah massacred them, which definitely marked him as a dirty dog. Presently the 27th Lancers, still including the Beautiful Officer, found themselves at the British Army Headquarters in the Crimea. For at ten minutes to eleven it was allowed to leak out that England and Russia were at war. Lord

Raglan told the Colonel, with whose daughter the Beautiful Officer was still in love, that he must withdraw the Light Brigade. (I suppose that by this time the Colonel had become a Brigadier, entitling him to give orders to other Colonels). Anyhow, he dictated the dispatch to my friend, Nigel Bruce, who was in command of the Light Brigade, though more fitted by nature for the Heavy Brigade. Here the Beautiful Officer stepped in. He had learned that the Rajah was in command of the Russian guns, and here it seemed was a chance for the 27th Lancers to avenge that massacre. Besides, was he not personally tired of life through having resigned the Colonel's, now Brigadier's, daughter to his young brother who by this time had joined the Lancers? So he destroyed the Brigadier's dispatch and substituted another ordering the Brigade not to retreat but to advance. He then carried the dispatch in person to Mr. Bruce, and sent his brother back to the Brigadier with a note telling him what he had done, thus getting his brother safely out of that Charge, at the head of which the Beautiful Officer proceeded to place himself.

The reader knows the rest, or at least he may be presumed to know Lord Tennyson's verses. If anybody blundered it was Warner Brothers. To take up a whole evening with a preposterous farrago of outworn Bengal-Lancer stuff, and then tack the famous Charge on to it, is as unpardonable as to Annie Laurie and wind it up with

weave a romance around the Massacre of Glencoe.

The Charge itself has been magnificently filmed, and, indeed, the last twenty minutes are as hair-raising as anything I have ever seen in a cinema. But so, of course, might be the Massacre of Glencoe at the end of the film about Annie Laurie. Nine-tenths of the Carlton film is costly, demodé balderdash, for the reasons I have been at such pains to state. Errol Flynn makes a beautiful Beautiful Officer, and acts neither better nor worse than the beautiful horse which he rides so beautifully. Neither, in the theatrical sense, can be said to act at all; the art of this order of film-acting is to be your beautiful self whether you possess two legs or four. As for the Colonel's daughter, I have nothing to say against pretty Olivia de Havilland as an expositress of chaste nitwittiness.

Looking at this film in general, all I feel inclined to say by way of summing-up is that I can think of no better way of spending the time between 10.45 p.m. and 11.15 p.m.



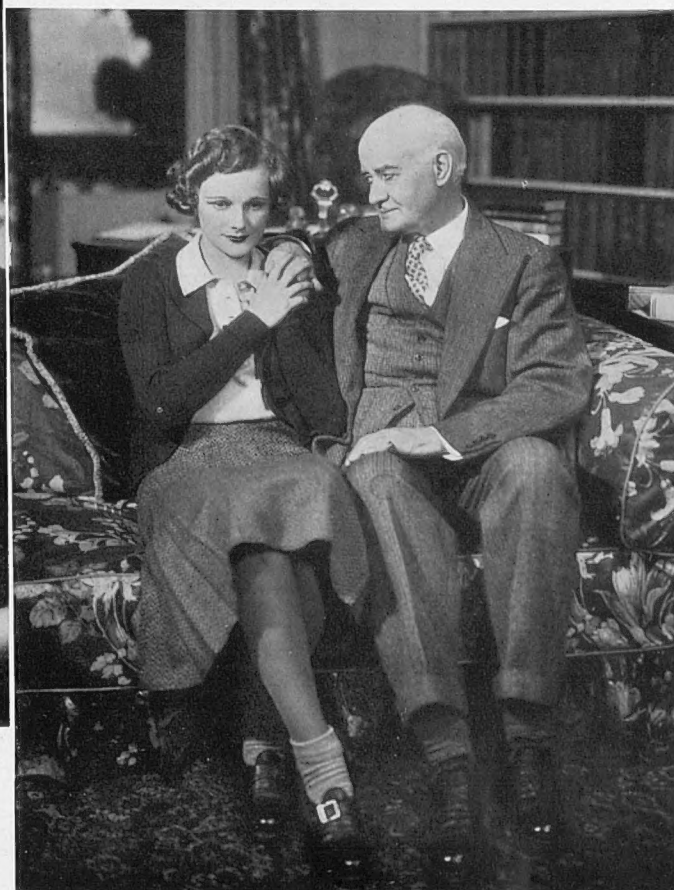
IN "SOULS AT SEA": FRANCES DEE

Souls at Sea is a Paramount picture in which Frances Dee stars with Gary Cooper and George Raft. It is a tragic tale of fire at sea based on historical happenings. The picture is still in the making, but will, no doubt, be seen in the West End fairly soon. Helen Burgess, who also appears in the film, was a new discovery of 1936

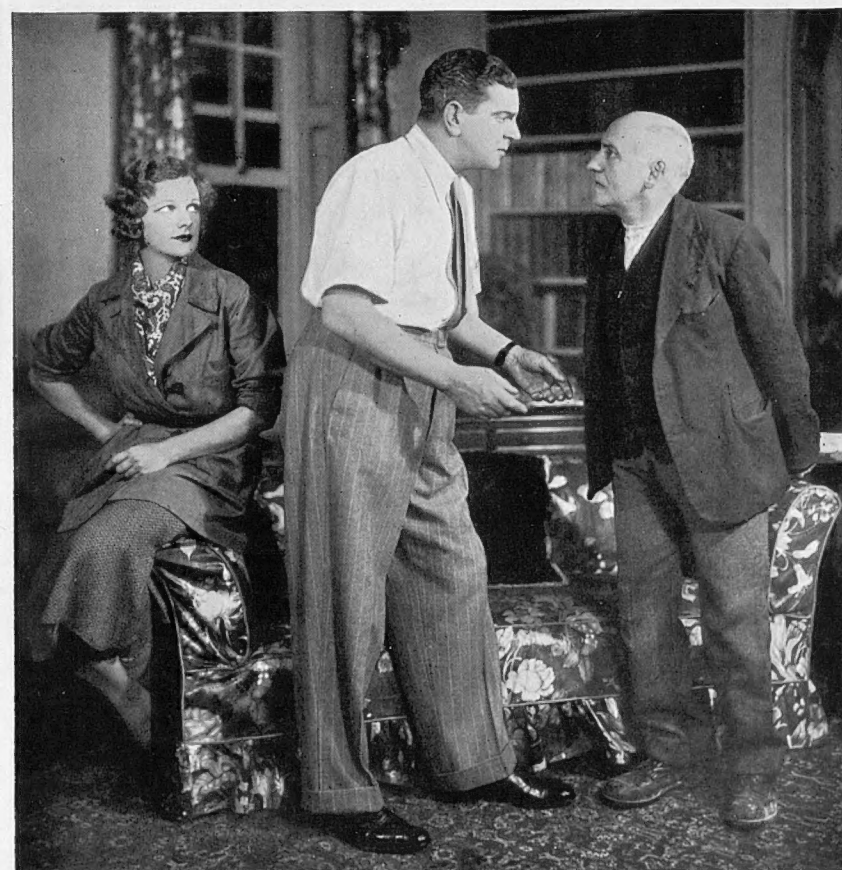
GOING STRONG "TILL THE COWS COME HOME"



"ROBERT MARRISON" (LESLIE BANKS) AND "JOAN FORRESTER" (ADRIANNE ALLEN) SQUABBLE ABOUT MILITARISM



"JOHN MARRISON" (C. V. FRANCE) WITH "JOAN FORRESTER"



ADRIANNE ALLEN (JOAN), LESLIE BANKS (ROBERT MARRISON) AND DAVID KEIR (DOYLE)



"DO YOU RAISE COWS BECAUSE YOU ARE CALM? OR ARE YOU CALM BECAUSE YOU RAISE COWS?"

Stage Photo Co.

As the result of a momentary confusion between two plays *The Tatler* unfortunately stated, beneath a picture of Miss Adrianne Allen in its number of December 30, that *Till The Cows Come Home*, the very amusing play at the St. Martin's, had been taken off. This, of course, was very far from the truth, as Geoffrey Kerr's comedy is still playing to crowded and enthusiastic houses and looks like continuing "till the cows come home." The play is a clever satire on world events and deals with the irruption of Robert Marrison, an assertive politician, into the affairs of a peaceful country parish. An affair of straying cows he works up into a *casus belli*, inciting the villagers to action by force of arms. Not all the locals take kindly to his interference, and old Doyle, a sturdy countryman played by David Keir, tells him all about it in forcible terms. The very charming Adrianne Allen is the owner of the cows that form the subject of contention; C. V. France, one of our best actors, as the politician's father, is seen in the picture persuading her to marry his rampant son, a part of which Leslie Banks makes great things. *The Tatler* offers deep apologies for its blunder



WHEN THE BUCCLEUCH
MET AT FLOORS CASTLE

Swaebe

Floors, where the Buccleuch met by invitation when the above picture was taken, is the seat of the Duke of Roxburghe at Kelso, in the heart of the Buccleuch country. In the group are, left to right: Lady Jean Ramsay, the younger of Lord and Lady Dalhousie's daughters, Lady Susan Askew, one of Lord and Lady Ellesmere's daughters, Lady Diana Percy, the younger sister of the Duke of Northumberland, and Lord Brackley, Lord Ellesmere's son and heir

A Leicestershire Letter

Now that everyone is full of Christmas pudding, turkey, and ideas for New Year resolutions, the horses have the weight on the minds as well as in the bodies of their riders to contend with, so we shall doubtless hear a bit of whistling as they go up and down the hills. Apparently Father Christmas failed to bring one young man the hat he was expecting, judging by the queer and original outfit he was wearing at Oakham on Saturday. In spite of bad visibility, the Boxing Day crowds ought not to have been disappointed by the excellent day's sport. Joanna Spencer, notwithstanding her tender years, is evidently determined to follow in her mother's footsteps, though she will have a hard time to live up to so well-deserved a reputation for good company and good riding. The whole family were holding court at Braunston on Tuesday, but presumably only the parents were able to take part in the lovely day that followed. The Quorn also had a super day from Hickling on the same date. What a lovely line of country from The Curate to Scalford Hall, and what a day to finish the old year!

From the Beaufort

With Christmas over and scent certainly improved, we now look forward to some good sport, and we hope some old-fashioned points. We certainly have had enough of these twisting hunts. Sir Walter and Lady Preston entertained a large field at Ilsom House, and Fred Brown kept us busy all day in the Tetbury area. Quite the largest field this year turned up at Easton Gray, when Master was hunting the bitch pack and showed us capital sport over the best of the country around Pinkney Court and the tryst. Certainly a lot of us have been suffering from an epidemic of 'flu, but the horses seem to be affected with a bad attack of refusing, to say nothing of the example set by the Joins' stud, and oh! how some of the fences and walls suffered. Rumour that "our Sec." was leaving us appears to be false, and no one

From the Shires and Provinces

works harder at his job. The Hunt Ball was voted a great party; perhaps not so many turned up, but it went with a swing, and our Debs looked the best. What a popular move the fixture for Boxing Day was. The traffic got jammed a bit, but everyone enjoyed her and him self.

From the Warwickshire

"Smell" has been improving of late and plenty of foxes have been accounted for, but they have been for the most part spiritless creatures who could lead no sort of a chase, and have been rolled over after the briefest of gallops.

The Meets have been near the centre of the country, and very kind to the one-horse folk and a great chance to the children's brigade, who are now out in full holiday force. They ride boldly into the thronged gateways with little heads just within reach of every kicking horse—and there are lots about—in fact, they are nearly as numerous as velvet hunting caps!

It is a pity these things are now so universal; we see them in blue, as well as in black, worn even by the tyros from the riding school. As women have no earthly right to wear them at all one wonders why they follow fashion in such a slavish manner!

Boxing Day at Wellesbourne broke all previous records. A solid phalanx of three thousand foot-people was reinforced by charabancs from Birmingham, and a double line of cars which extended a mile in each direction and defied the efforts of the village police to shift them; still an intrepid field of a couple of hundred or so managed to push and thread their way to the nearest covert—and then the fun began. Things were much better than might have been expected and a fox went away immediately, running a wide circle at a capital pace and gave us a very pretty hunt—twenty minutes fast and then half an hour of

slower hunting before he met his death. One courageous M.F.H. jumped some monstrous iron railings, but, watching a red-coated sportsman pick himself up on the tarmac after a vigorous onslaught by a motor cyclist, we could not help agreeing with his philosophy that it is lucky that "Christmas comes but once a year."

From the Heythrop

On Wednesday, December 23, we were at Burford when, in Lord Ashton's absence, Colonel Chamberlayne was in command. The outlier found on the golf-course took us in a series of short rushes about the distance of a decent mashie shot and disappeared. In these days of poor recruiting, we saw one of our elderly members volunteer, and he sat with his back to the wall and held the breach against all comers. On Christmas Eve we had an excellent day from "Mauvais" Moreton, hounds simply racing for thirty

(Continued on p. vi)



Bassano

MISS MAY AND MISS VIOLET WILSON,
THE FUTURE MASTERS OF THE WOODLAND
PYTCHLEY

The Misses Wilson, who are very well known with the Cottesmore, are taking over the joint mastership of the Woodland Pytchley next season from Sir Julien Cahn, who goes to the Fernie. The above picture was taken in the doorway of the Old Gate House at Brooke Priory, with their couple of Cottesmore puppies.

The Misses Wilson are twins

WATCHING 'EM AT WINCANTON



MRS. CORBETT-WINDER AND LORD ESSEX



MRS. HUBERT GOUGH AND
MISS CYNTHIA PARTRIDGE



MR. LONG, M.F.H., MRS. LONG
AND MISS JUNE CHICHESTER

MAJOR PARKES, MR. GOSCHEN,
AND LADY SYBIL PHIPPS



COLONEL HENEAGE AND
MRS. DAVID HENEAGE
COMPARING NOTES



COL. R. S. FORESTIER-WALKER (A STEWARD),
AND CAPTAIN AND MRS. M. P. ANSELL

All the people who were at Wincanton on the day these pictures were taken got their money's worth even if they may not have found all the winners. They saw Golden Miller run away with the Sparkford Selling 'Chase, which he won by thirty lengths from a moderate field, and they heard Owen Anthony say that the horse was in better heart than ever. They also saw that gallant little boy, B. Hobbs, ride two winners over hurdles. He has now taken out a licence and rode two winners at Wolverhampton. All the sporting celebrities within reach were there and of those in the snapshots Mrs. Corbett-Winder is the wife of Mr. Corbett-Winder, who hunts Lady Curre's hounds for her. Lord Essex, who is with her, is the ex-Master of the South Pembrokeshire and of many other packs. Lady Sybil Phipps is a sister of the Duke of Buccleuch, M.F.H. Mr. Long was another M.F.H. present; Colonel Heneage, who is with his daughter-in-law, is a well-known personality in the West, and Captain M. P. Ansell, the 5th D.G. polo celebrity, who is with his bride, was in the running for his International colours v. the U.S.A., and did wonders for his regimental side. Colonel R. S. Forestier-Walker, who was one of the stewards, has his seat at Cottles, Melksham, Wilts

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING



Bassano

MISS CHRISTINA FOYLE

The attractive and talented young daughter of Mr. William Alfred Foyle, a member of the famous firm whose literary luncheons are a well-established feature of London's highbrow activities. Not long ago Miss Christina Foyle paid a visit to America to organise a chain of lending libraries

living under the august spell of the great Dr. Johnson, I was also amused by it! I could not help putting myself in Boswell's place and wondering whether to have guided to a successful conclusion the holiday tour of such a man on a holiday, as I conceive a holiday, must not have been rather like manœuvring the movements of a Very Profound Elephant. Moreover, a Profound Elephant who had publicly stated that the man who had ceased to care for London had ceased to care for life. To take such a man, therefore, from his "enchanted land" of Gough Square, Fleet Street taverns, and Streatham Hill, to conduct him through what was then, and still is, the "wilds" of Scotland—especially when Johnson had a prejudice against Scotsmen as only semi-civilised beings—must have been a labour of love indeed!

But such was the "love" that the labour never once faltered. In fact, there were moments while reading the Journal when I was instinctively reminded of a music-hall artist and the "perfect feed." Dr. Johnson's conversation was not so much spontaneous as the so many brilliant results of so many brilliantly conceived promptings on the part of Boswell. At almost every moment of the historical tour Mr. Boswell was, so to speak scattering "fish," in the hope that one at least might be caught on Dr. Johnson's "line." Which must have been tiring had Boswell been a less worshipful disciple than he was, but, at any rate, has afforded posterity incalculable interest. However, the great Doctor did not refuse to unbend all the time. There is almost a frivolous scene when a young lady actually sat upon his knee and kissed him!—while, metaphorically speaking, the worshipping Boswell sat around seeing in his mind's eye the Profound Elephant in the terms of a "kitten." "I had a good cup of coffee

Dr. Johnson and Mr. Boswell in the Hebrides.

IT is impossible to overstate the importance and the interest of Boswell's Journal of "A Tour to the Hebrides With Samuel Johnson" (Heinemann; 21s.), now published for the first time from the original MSS. As a supplementary volume to the "Life," it is a publication of the first order of mental entertainment and value. And being myself a "modern" (comparatively speaking) and not

this afternoon," he writes. "Dr. Macdonald's wife . . . sat down upon Mr. Johnson's knee, and upon being bid by someone of the company, put her hands round his neck and kissed him. 'Do it again,' said he, 'and let us see who will tire first.' He kept her on his knee for some time, while he and she drank tea. He was now like a *buck* indeed. All the company laughed in great glee, and they were all pleased to see him have so much good humour. To me it was a very high scene." As, indeed, it was!

What Johnson Thought of Boswell.

The world knows what Boswell thought of Johnson, but often I would like to know what Johnson really thought of Boswell. That he was eminently *useful* goes without saying. Who among his intimates, for example, could be relied upon to utter a remark more calculated to encourage an immediate contradiction, and, in contradicting, afford such opportunities for words of profound wisdom? No publicity agent could show off his "wares" more brilliantly than Boswell showed off Dr. Johnson's wisdom. He was ready at any moment of the day or night, not so much to "draw him out" as to provide him with the opportunity of a monologue—a monologue which was immediately noted down for the benefit of contemporaries as well as of posterity. But though such worship must have been comparatively easy in the London taverns, it must have been difficult in the Outer Hebrides!

Yet Boswell never faltered. This Journal is almost undiluted Johnson. True, we are given some interesting descriptions of Scotland and the Scottish scene as it appeared to two urban travellers in the long-ago, but most of the journey is spent in noting down the great Doctor's remarks and his reactions to what must often have been acute physical discomfort. For instance, the scene where Johnson crosses turbulent seas in a boat which refuses to treat its famous passenger with respect has not only all the pathos of seasickness, but the disrespect of complete indifference. No wonder there are moments when even Boswell forgets the importance of his charge. In other words, gets drunk! Repentance follows the next morning, however. "I awakened at noon with a severe headache. I was much vexed that I should have been guilty of such a riot, and afraid of reproof from Dr. Johnson. I thought it very inconsistent with that conduct which I ought to maintain while the companion of the Rambler." Happily, however, Johnson had by this time acquired the holiday mood. "About one he came into my room, and accosted me: 'What, drunk yet?' His tone of voice was not that of severe upbraiding; so I was relieved a little. 'Sir,' said I, 'they kept me up.' He answered: 'No, you kept them up, you drunken dog!' This he said with good-humoured English pleasantry." Happily, his friends gave Boswell a glass of brandy which "found an effectual cure for my headache," and while casually opening Mrs. Mackinnon's prayer-book he read: "And be not drunk with wine, wherein there is excess," which effected a spiritual cure by being taken by Boswell as "a Divine interposition."

But I could go on quoting from this absorbing old Journal for pages. There is, for example, a most interesting description of meeting the famous Miss Flora Macdonald and hearing of her loyalist exploit as she herself told the story. And life, customs, the mode of travel and



FINNISH SCHOONERS: FROM MISS OLGA ELIENA'S "ONE-MAN SHOW" AT THE FINE ARTS GALLERY

Miss Olga Eliena's exhibition opens at the Fine Arts Gallery, Bond Street, to-day January 6 under the title of "Water-Colours of Sweden," and the sketch reproduced here is an indication of the skill and attractiveness of her work. Amateurs of the sea will notice an interesting variation of rig in this picture of Finnish timber-coasters, the two nearest vessels being normally gaff-rigged, while the other has sprits after the fashion of a Thames-barge mainsail

(Continued on page 12)



WILLIAM POWELL, EVELYN KNAPP, PHYLLIS CLAIRE
AND JOAN CRAWFORD

HOLLYWOOD MAKES WHOOPEE



EDDIE SUTHERLAND AND LORETTA YOUNG



MADELEINE CARROLL AND W. J. MCGOWAN



GINGER ROGERS AND ALLAN LANE
AT THE CLOVER CLUB

Photos.: Hyman Fink



(ON RIGHT)
BETTE DAVIS
WITH NOEL
LANGLEY

Some pictures taken at Christmas time in Celluloid County, Cal. While food seems to be the leit-motif of the page, it should be remembered that, in the U.S., turkey with its fittings, including cranberry sauce, is only eaten in excessive quantities on Independence Day, July 4. Evelyn Knapp was a visitor to the M.-G.-M. studios where William Powell, Phyllis Claire, and Joan Crawford are working on "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney." One might imagine that Ginger Rogers would feel "kinda lonesome" without Fred Astaire, but the photograph obviously belies this. Madeleine Carroll's "location" of the moment seems to be the Hollywood Café Lamaze. Bette Davis was at the Ambassador Hotel. W. J. McGowan and Noel Langley, the photographer informs us tersely, are "from London." The whereabouts of Eddie Sutherland and Loretta Young are problematical, but the name-cards on the table indicate that someone was "throwing a party"

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

social conduct as they were nearly two hundred years ago is fascinating to read. Johnson's well-known criticism of a certain man: "He puts something into the company, and takes nothing out of it," certainly did not apply to Boswell. He puts something into the company of his Journals that brings everything out of it which is of interest and entertainment. This Journal of "A Tour to the Hebrides" is one of those books which, so long as books are read, will be read again and again.

Dr. Johnson Said . . .

"I know not any crime so great that a man could contrive to commit as poisoning the sources of eternal truth."

"Sorrow is not cured by reason, but by the incursion of present objects, which wear out the past."

"The more intellectual people are, the readier will they attend to what a man tells them. If it be just, they will follow it, be his practice what it will. No man practises so well as he writes."

Brilliant Analysis of
"An Affair."

But what either Johnson or Boswell would have said concerning such a story as Elizabeth Garner's "Duet in Discord" (Arthur Barker; 7s. 6d.) I dare not think. Even the Edwardians, though the same story might have been told them, would have shuddered at the frankness of this example of modern manners. The Victorians, of course, would have fainted away in their thousands, leaving not a sofa unoccupied! And yet there is nothing in the least "wicked" about it, nor immoral—if only you face facts and accept people, almost any kind of people, for what they are. The story itself is simple enough—a brief "affair" between a woman over forty and a young man in his early twenties. It is the frankness with which the story is told, the somewhat startling physical reasons for the tragic side of the incident, which even in these days marks the book definitely as for "Adults Only." And yet it is a tale of immense psychological interest. It is truthful but never vulgar. The woman is not blameless, the man is a complete "rotter"; but absolute honesty robs them both of a merely unhealthy interest.

The beginning of the "affair" is easy to understand. A woman, twice married, leaving youth behind her. The man, selfish, egotistical, self-pitying; treating her love as, under the circumstances, his "right." She regarding it as a rest-of-her-life affair; he as an "affair" to last only as long as passion might linger. For her, something half-maternal; for him, a rightful sacrifice to his youth, his vanity, to his maleness. And then the tragic aspect. Difficult for me to state quite frankly, but briefly, the physical impossibility of this man to endure the lover-role beyond the night. And, afterwards, the man hating himself for his impotence and venting his hatred upon the woman who is still willing and, being willing, is puzzled, hurt, bewildered; struggling to understand by offering him physical warmth without realising that the offer is, under the circumstances, a taunt, a humiliation, a revolting intimacy. Brutally he insults her, calling her "cheap." Bewildered, she cannot yet realise that what had once been accepted as a divine moment had suddenly become a vulgar, indecent forthcoming. And then, at long last, the

realisation that though love was dead, friendship remained—the kind of friendship which a man, living far away, will hold for a woman who possesses for him the sexlessness of a "mother" with the dim figure of a woman whom, in theory, as a vision, he likes to believe he still loves. The remarkable fact about this story is its stark truth; the way the writer forces you to accept the utter worthlessness of the man, the rather deplorable "blindness" of the woman, and yet to acknowledge both of them as real human beings and to be interested in them as such. Beyond all this there is a vivid picture of life in a beautiful West Indian island, with its queer customs and characters, and over all the romantic, enervating, moral inconsequentiality of life in a tropical climate. The story might have been so cheap. Miss Garner, however, has made it varied and moving and real. But I only recommend it to the few who can look

behind the "show window" of life without turning away as if from infection.

Letters of a "Dear Woman."

Yet how enchanting it is to leave such a scene as Miss Garner paints to enter the serene atmosphere of such a delightful book as "Dear Miss Heber": An Eighteenth-Century Correspondence. Edited by Francis Bamford, with Introductions by Georgia and Sacheverell Sitwell (Constable; 8s. 6d.). These letters were discovered by Mr. and Mrs. Sitwell in eleven trunks, stored away and forgotten in the attics of Weston Hall in Northamptonshire. Mary Heber was evidently one of those women to whom people write, without, however, asking her to marry them—that is, if they be masculine and unattached. Yet, although these letters are written to her, she herself is seen as vividly in them as is the writer. She must have been both charming and intelligent. Her friends are delightfully varied. There is, for example, Miss Iremonger, who, while being very well-read and intelligent, is rather inclined to pose as arbiter of mental and moral uplift. There is Miss Mary Curzon, who mixes up a passion for music and horse-riding most entertainingly. There is the very capable, very friendly Lady Bankes,

who, we realise, is one of those women whose kindness is rather like an Army manoeuvre—her friends must be marshalled by her and she will direct them by a thousand kindly words. Best of all, from my point of view, there is Mrs. Bland—remaining over from a "broader" social period, with her downright, jolly, disconcerting honesty, her phonetic spelling and her warmth of heart which seems the more refreshing because it does not "warm" with a too great refinement.

Yet all these correspondents are good. They write of themselves and of the things they know; of the actual life going on around them and of the people who make up their own social circle. Together they bring back life from 1776 to 1806 in a way which is extraordinarily vivid. You move in another world, but with people whom, quite quickly, you get to know; like, dislike, or to whom you are indifferent, just as you are with your own contemporaries. But these delightful writers move in a world seemingly as far removed from this one as if the gossip were all about people living on another planet. Which, I own, is more than half the charm of the book's quite perfect entertainment.



Cannons of Hollywood

LADY DERWENT

A recent portrait of the wife of the present Lord Derwent, who, before her marriage in 1929, was the Comtesse Sabine Czaykowska, and is the daughter of General D. Iliesco, formerly chief of the General Staff of the Rumanian Army. Lord Derwent was in the Diplomatic Service and has been an Honorary Attaché at the Embassies in Warsaw, Brussels, and Madrid

RECENT DOINGS

AT MONTE CARLO



MR. AND MRS. SYDNEY WELLS
AT THE SPORTING CLUB



COCKTAIL-TIME AT THE SPORTING CLUB: LORD AND
LADY PLENDER AND MAJOR AND MRS. FOWLER



CAPTAIN GEORGE STEELE, R.N.,
AND MRS. VIGO HANSEN



MR. FRANKLIN SINGER AND THE
PRINCESSE CAPECE ZURLO



MISS ROSEMARY STANLEY AND HER
MOTHER, LADY STANLEY



LADY KENT AND MRS. KENNETH RICHARDS



MR. AND MRS. H. K. S. WILLIAMS
AND MRS. HICKMAN EVANS

The Gala Night opening of the International Sporting Club was a Monte Carlo occasion and all the available world and his wife within reasonable distance backed it up. The whole Riviera is ablaze with gaiety, which is some kind of counterpoise to the dark deeds going forward elsewhere. All the people on this page are familiar figures on the Côte d'Azur. Lady Stanley, who is with her daughter, is the widow of Admiral the late Hon. Sir Victor Stanley, who was one of Lord Derby's numerous brothers. Lord Plender, who is with some friends at cocktail-time, is the famous chartered accountant who was raised to the peerage in 1931. Mr. and Mrs. H. K. S. Williams are Americans who live in Paris, and Mrs. Evans is a fellow-countrywoman. Mrs. Richards, who is with Lady Kent, is the mother of Lady Jersey; and of other notables, the Princesse Capece Zurlo is the former Miss Huston, of New York



THE DINNER HOUR: MR. AND MRS.
BENTON-JONES



HOLIDAY GOLF AT ST. GEORGE'S,
SANDWICH, KENT

The green Christmas invited the golfer to have a go at his pet pastime, and on this page are a few of those who went to that good course the Royal St. George's. Above are Lady Hambro, Mr. Charles Hambro, and Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Beck, out for a friendly foursome before lunch

MY article in this page on the 25th November, concerning the proposed formation of a Federation of European Golf Unions, appears to have stirred up a hornets' nest. For myself, I merely raised the objection that such a Union, though formed undoubtedly with the best motives in the world, would lead inevitably, sooner or later, to a kind of European Walker Cup.

Writers in *Golf Illustrated*, however, editorially and otherwise, have found a great many more objections than that. Their criticisms, as I gather, are levelled under the following heads: (1) the Federation might cost the British golfer something—and even if the cost is measured in farthings, it is that much too much; (2) it is none of our business "to encourage golf not only nationally but internationally, as well as to develop friendly relations between the players of all countries"; (3) that the proposed Federation may be the same that was mooted some time ago when the object was to establish a World's Championship to supersede in importance the British and American Championships—"a direct and intolerable challenge to St. Andrews"; (4) that nobody wants a European Dates Calendar.

The preliminary meeting held at Luxemburg to discuss the formation of the Federation, was attended by Major Percy Burton, and Major A. Whitley Lavarack, President and Secretary of the English Golf Union. Major Burton has written to me personally on the subject of these criticisms as follows: "I gather that you, like others to whom I have spoken, and whose articles I have read in the Press, are just a little hesitant about the proposed Federation of European Golf Clubs. At the moment I am awaiting the final draft of the Constitution of the proposed Federation, and I hope that within a week or two this will be available for general consumption and consideration, but in view of certain untutored criticisms which have appeared in one or two papers—not those with which you are associated—I feel that I am not betraying any confidence when I tell you that the proposed European Federation is

CONCERNING GOLF

By HENRY LONGHURST

nothing like the black demon that some writers would picture it.

"I believe it will be found that one of its first articles (if not its first) will be to uphold the Rules of Golf as laid down by the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews, and also the Amateur Status as defined by the R. and A.

"I believe it will be found that the proposed Federation will be out to support the very best traditions of Golf as understood by all who are associated with it in this country.

"I believe also it will be found that Continental golfers will look to British golfers to give them advice and support in establishing the game of golf on the Continent along the fine lines which we have in this country.

"I believe also it will be found that Continental golfers regard themselves as young but enthusiastic, and that they are all desirous of sympathy and assistance from those golfers in the British Isles whom they definitely consider know more about the administration and the playing of the game.

"I believe also it will be found that our Continental friends are anxious to co-ordinate their Continental Dates Calendar, so that all countries who are associated with the Federation may benefit: also that in the consideration of these dates, the first thought will be for the great British Open meetings.

"And, finally, I believe you will find that the Federation will have no jurisdiction whatever in the domestic affairs of its various affiliated Associations.

"If I have gone a little further than I should have done in telling you what my personal view is, I would only add this—that I went to the International meeting without any plenary powers, but when I had the pleasure of meeting men from practically every country



LADY HILBERY AND MR. A. A. UTHWATT,
ALSO AT ST. GEORGE'S

A snapshot taken on the eighteenth green after their contest, Lady Hilbery is the wife of Sir Malcolm Hilbery, the famous Judge of the King's Bench, and Mr. Uthwatt is a distinguished member of our Bar and a Bencher of Gray's Inn

in Europe who were all enthusiastic players of the game which I love, and who asked me, as representing the biggest Golf Union in the British Isles, to give them some assistance, I gave advice along the lines which I have indicated above.

"I am so glad to be able to write to you fully and I shall be glad of your support.—Yours very sincerely, P. C. BURTON."



ALSO AT ST. GEORGE'S

Mr. Alexander Elliot and Mr. Derek Moore-Brabazon, some more of the Christmas holiday golf brigade. They were snapped pursuing their serene way to the club-house

GOLF CLUBS AND GOLFERS



THE SCREEN GOLFING SOCIETY DINNER—BY "MEL"

The Screen Golfing Society's Seventh Annual Dinner was held just before Christmas and was attended by many members and their guests. The Society, which has its own course at Stoke Poges, Slough, and its own club-rooms in the main club-house, is the only Society recognised as a club by the Royal and Ancient. There were many distinguished guests at the dinner, including several from America, some of whom made witty speeches interspersed with amusing stories. Our cartoonist "Mel" responded for the guests. Some of those whose progress from the tee to the hole consists of one epic, two human dramas and a thrill are portrayed by him above

LOOKING BACK AT A GOOD PARTY: THE COTSWOLD HUNT BAL



FROM RIGHT: MAJOR A. GRANT, MISS PRICE, CAPTAIN SPRUNT, MISS LOGAN, CAPTAIN HILARY CREE, MRS. KIRKLAND, MAJOR JACKSON AND MRS. SPRUNT



MR. R. PERKINS, MRS. NIGEL NORMAN, MR. W. R. D. PERKINS, M. P. MISS GRAHAME-CLARKE, MR. MACPHERSON, MISS GREENWELL AND MR. NIGEL NORMAN



MAJOR W. H. TAYLOR WITH MRS. WALTER UNWIN, OF SOUTHWICK PARK



MISS DIANA WHITTUCK AND HER FIANCÉ, MR. EDMUND THOMAS



THE HON. DIANA HOLLAND-HIBBERT AND MR. FRANCIS A. MARTEN



MRS. CYRIL HEBER-PERCY AND MR. JAMES GRESHAM

Owing to the precocity of holiday press dates, these photographs, taken at the Cotswold Hunt Ball, have suffered a regrettable hold-up; however, better now than never is one of the best of New Year resolutions. Cheltenham's Town Hall, charmingly trimmed with holly, poinsettias, and white chrysanthemums, was the setting for this exceptionally amusing party, which had the advantage of Carroll Gibbons and his band. The supper also came from London. The Joint-Masters, Major L. A. Jackson and Mr. Cyril Heber-Percy, and their wives saw to it that a good time was had by all, and contributed large contingents of guests. Major A. Grant, the Hon. Secretary of the Ball Committee, was also here, there and everywhere. Lady Rosemary Gresham, seen with Mr. Cyril Heber-Percy's brother, is Lord Erroll's sister, and the Hon. Diana Holland-Hibbert is the only daughter of Lord Knutsford, Earl Bathurst's Joint-Master. Mr. W. R. D. Perkins has been Member for the Stroud Division of Gloucestershire, since 1931. In the same group is Mr. Nigel Norman, of Heston fame

Photographs by Dennis Moss



MR. ROBERT HEBER-PERCY WITH LADY ROSEMARY GRESHAM



**MRS. PHILIP KINDERSLEY AND HER
SON, THE HON. JULIAN BROUGHAM**

The marriage of the former Miss Valerie French to Lord Brougham was dissolved in 1933. A month or two ago she was married quietly in London to Sir Robert Kindersley's youngest son, whose first wife is now Lady Oranmore and Browne. Mr. and Mrs. Philip Kindersley are both extremely popular, and as they share many interests, their family life should be a happy one.

The Hon. Julian Brougham was four years old on October 5th



Photographs: Hay Wrightson

IN SCOTLAND AGAIN:



MISS HELEN BRODIE AND MR. D. MCGREGOR AT THE HIGHLAND BALL



COLONEL HORN, A.Q.M.G., SCOTTISH COMMAND, AND MRS. R. G. V. HORN



LADY JEAN RAMSAY AND THE MASTER OF ELPHINSTONE, LORD ELPHINSTONE'S HEIR



MR. RALPH DUNDAS WITH HIS FIANCÉE, MISS CATHARINE HOTHAM, LORD HOTHAM'S COUSIN



ON LEFT: MRS. GEORGE MALCOLM OF POLTALLOCH AND THE HON. DAVID BALFOUR



MARRIED LAST SUMMER: MR. AND MRS. JOHN MACKENZIE OF DOLPHINTON



SIR ALEXANDER SETON, CARRICK PURSUIVANT, AND LADY SETON



LT.-COLONEL FINDLAY, V.C., AND MRS. STUART MEIKLEJOHN

That popular annual event, the Highland Ball in Edinburgh, took place shortly before Christmas with every sign of success. The organiser-in-chief was the Hon. David Balfour, younger son of Lord and Lady Kinross, and the obvious general enjoyment must have been very gratifying to him. A lurking camera soon got going, early victims being H.M. Queen Elizabeth's nephew, the Master of Elphinstone, and Lord Dalhousie's younger sister, Lady Jean Ramsay. Miss Helen Brodie, only sister of the fifteenth Laird of Lethen, was photographed with Mr. "Doochie" McGregor, of Cardney, and Mrs. Stuart Meiklejohn and Colonel G. de C. E. Findlay, V.C., the Younger of Boturich, were cornered after being partners in an energetic sixteensome. Colonel Finlay the C.R.E., 51st (Highland) Division (T.A.), won his V.C. in the operations at the Sambre-Oise Canal, 1918

THE HIGHLAND BALL



MISS ELIZABETH SPROT AND HER UNCLE,
SIR DUNCAN HAY OF HAYSTOUN



THE HON. DAVID AND MRS.
BALFOUR AND MR. D. PIRIE



LT.-COM. AND MRS. DONALD HUNTER-
BLAIR AND (CENTRE) FLT.-LT. ANDERSON



MR. P. R. A. FORBES AND MISS
VIRGINIA HUGHES-ONSLAW

Edinburgh's Assembly Rooms were the setting for the Highland Ball, and anything smaller would have been quite inadequate. Miss Elizabeth Sprot was among those dancing with great spirit. The Hon. Mrs. David Balfour, a bride of last summer, and Miss Virginia Hughes-Onslow, of Laggan, were also in great request. Mrs. Balfour is the former Miss Araminta Peel. Lord Fincastle, only son of Lord Dunmore, was a steward at the Highland Ball, one of his jobs being helping to get the set dances going. Pipe-Major Ross, now concerned with the School of Music, Edinburgh Castle, taught H.R.H. the Duke of Windsor to play the pipes. Sir Alexander Seton's film-actor brother, Mr. Bruce Seton, is shortly to be married to Tamara Desni, the Hungarian star



THE HON. URSULA BALFOUR AND HER BROTHER-IN-LAW,
MR. ALEC MITCHELL

RIGHT: VISCOUNT FINCASTLE TALKING TO PIPE-MAJOR
ROSS, LATE SCOTS GUARDS



MR. BRUCE SETON, LATE BLACK WATCH, AND HIS
SISTER-IN-LAW, LADY SETON



MISS CLAUDIA CRICHTON-STUART AND
MR. EWAN MACPHERSON-GRANT



*The Best
Circus Ever, or
Thereabouts*

A HIGH-WIRE specialist in this year's circus at Olympia calls himself the Great Frederico; and a troupe performing on flying bars at the same roof-top levels are listed as the Peerless Potters. The two adjectives, great and peerless, are not merely showman's lingo: they would apply to fifteen at least of the turns at Olympia (including some that are done by clowns, or haywire specialists). That is to say, of the twenty-three acts which Bertram Mills (himself peerless as a creator of circuses) presents fully fifteen are incomparable in their own lines of circus-country. Each year there is disbelief in Mr. Mills's ability to assemble as remarkable a show next time; but the to-morrow of lesser value never comes. His circus is not only an event of the London year: I would back it to finish among the first four in a voting-list of the most popular events.

This time it is either the best of his circuses, or thereabouts. The programme is mixed in the proportion of about two turns

by expert humans to one by expert animals, which for my taste is the proper ratio. And all the animals (not excepting the tigers, whose predecessors have on occasion seemed sullen) show zest in their work. Charles Judge's chimpanzees, who fiddle, and do antics with ropes, candles, and tennis racquets, even display a conscious sense of humour; and certainly the laugh is on the side of the chimp who, invited to hold a banana on his head for a William Tell act, quickly eats half the banana while the trainer's attention is elsewhere. The Maltese dogs put verve into their cartwheels and trundling of barrels. Knie's Tigers neither snarl nor hesitate before their leaping tricks—none of which, incidentally, detract from their natural dignity. When their trainer lays down his whip and turns his back to arrange props, they merely lick paws. The Mills' Liberty Horses, of course, are again superb in appearance, as in concerted drill. Their grey, satin bodies glisten as they swing in column of sixteen, stop suddenly and rise to paw the air: they succeed in every manœuvre except the attempt



but there is justification, in everything except literary style, for Lady Eleanor's: "the aviators reveal themselves as dare-devil trapezists, with a repertory of stunts that will freeze your spine."

When the Kimris have come to earth, it becomes evident that the slender lady could win a beauty competition. Probably by accident, the standard in beauty of feature, as in grace of movement, is here far above the average for circuses. The two young women

among the Four Cosmaries, whose white horses are splendid in *haute école*; the lively girls of the Cumberland troupe, in furious, bare-backed riding; the lady Danwills, whose men catapult them all over the place from spring-boards; Connie and Eva, from the grandly athletic Kemmys; Maria Baring, sister to two men who are a riotous zebra; May, of trick-cycling Maurice and May (Maurice suffers everything except a kick in the pants from his comic, collapsible bicycle); and especially Quintillia, who sheds Victorian clothes on the tight-rope and then does the splits on her tenuous wire—all these are lovelies. They are likely to inspire dozens of novels that feature beautiful heroines of the arena.

It would be ungrateful not to include in the Olympian catalogue Ferroni, whose remarkable juggling with lighted torches is done while riding a steed that doesn't turn a horse-hair, and the Keystone Vagabonds, Spanish knockabouts, whose swinging and falling and collisions can make (and probably have made) a horse laugh.

ALAN BOTT.

to look dead when they lie down—for that, they are too vital, even when relaxed.

The Kimris provide the "sensation" of the year. "Prepare yourself," commands the Lady Eleanor Smith in her programme-note, "for the most hair-raising aerial act in the world to-day." The girl-Kimri, nineteen years old, is in a silver aeroplane attached to the roof by a metal rod but revolving by propeller and electric motor in ever faster circles. Her husband, almost as young, is on a silver bar connected with the aeroplane at the further edge of its radius. With leisured grace they sway downward from the machinery, hang and spin by legs, arms, hands and mouths. Look—the female Kimri is now hanging by her feet only, beneath the hurrying monoplane; and see—the male Kimri is hanging on one foot, with his lithe body arched against the circular movement. Look ninety feet below at the arena—there is no net for them in case an instep loses grip for part of a second. No doubt the whirling aeroplane helps the impression of danger;

Priscilla in Paris

IT'S all a lot of hooley, Très Cher!—the stuff about "loving one's collaborator better than oneself when the First Night is over" that the People-Who-Know tried to put over on me last week! My First Night has come and gone, leaving the stage unsoiled by decayed hen-fruit or rotten tomatoes (though this, of course, may be a result of the high cost of living in this country!); the audience forgot to cough for quite two-thirds of the evening; the heroine looked even prettier than she does in her most seductive studio portraits; the leading lad was so carried away by his big scene that he quite forgot to pose in the spot-light; the prompt-lady gave the right signal, within a split second, for a ticklish last "curtain," and the applause that greeted that same was sufficiently like the beating of waves on a shingle beach to



LUCIENNE BOYER: THE MOST POPULAR DISEASE IN PARIS

Lucienne is one of the most talented and popular of the younger brigade in Paris, and it is also true that she is as well known in the U.S.A. as she is in her home town. It is also probable that every little errand-boy in England must have whistled her "Parlez moi d'Amour," without perhaps comprehending its Gallic origin, or the meaning of the title



ALICE COCÉA—PARISIENNE BY ADOPTION

Alice Cocéa, the famous young Roumanian actress who has become Parisienne by adoption and who is at the very top of her profession, both on the stage and on the screen, in straight and in musical comedy alike, is mentioned in this page. She is also a great dog-lover and is to be seen with her dogs at all the big shows in Paris

satisfy the most hardened dramatist, let alone a novice! In fact, though I sez it as shouldn't, it was quite a pleasant little success. The critics were mighty kind next day, and the dissident pens wrote just what I expected they would write—no better, no wuss! Nevertheless, I still think that most of my co-author's lines are lousy, that his wife buys her hats at bankruptcy sales, and that I would rather never have the thrill of seeing a play of mine produced again than share that thrill with such an inflated, cocksure, egotistic gasbag! There! Now I feel better! There's nothing like letting off steam by setting one's thoughts down on paper. It's good for the morale, to say nothing of the old gall-bladder. I hasten to add that you can read all that last bit over again, and, by changing the words "his wife buys her hats" to "her husband buys his ties," you will know exactly what my collaborator is thinking and, I hope, saying (if it does him any good!), about me, probably with equal cause!

This business of getting a play produced is an all-absorbing one, and I missed several theatrical

history-making premières that took place during the week before Christmas. However, I have since made up for lost time, and can assure you that after his disastrous presentation of Molière's *Misanthrope*, M. E. Bourdet, the recently nominated *Administrateur* of the Comédie Française, has completely wiped out his first error [with the exquisite performance that the *comédiens français* are now giving of Alfred de Musset's *Le Chandelier*, produced by Gaston Baty, whose staging of *Madame Bovary* at his own Théâtre Montparnasse was one of the earlier sensations of the autumn. There will be joy in the Paris finishing schools when the girls get back from their Christmas holiday. We have gone all classic, on both banks of the Seine, and the productions are both ingenious and lovely. At the Comédie des Champs-Élysées, Alfred de Musset is also the *auteur à la mode* with *On ne badine pas avec l'amour*, enchantingly produced and acted by that very clever and lovely lady, Alice Cocéa. The Odéon, the Théâtre Populaire (now at the Salle Pleyel), and the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier also are giving classical matinées as well as their usual evening programmes, and the public flock to hear Molière, Corneille, Racine, de Musset, and Marivaux! Who says that only farce, light comedy and the movies pay? A French version of Dickens' *Tale of Two Cities* is holding its own at the Odéon, and, judging by the rapt attention with which the audience listens to the dramatic and romantic story of Sydney Carton and Lucie Manette, the story is well told and well acted, but I have my own childhood memories of Martin Harvey and Nina de Silva in *The Only Way*, which prevent me from being anything else than a captious critic where this adaptation is concerned.

At the Théâtre de Paris there is a naughty little comedy: *La Fessée*—translate this as "The Spanking" and you won't be wrong!—in which Mireille Perrey, whose picture was on this page a few weeks ago, gives a brilliant performance and gaily survives the perilous business of being soundly chastised in full view of the audience. Since stage law forbids that an actress should turn her back on the spectators, however, this is not quite so daring as it may sound! Not quite!

Which reminds me: have you seen the new magazine, "Confessions," that has made its appearance on the Paris book-stalls, and of which the first number is already out of print? It is edited by Georges and J. Kessel—it sounds too much like the announcement of a music-hall turn to call 'em "the Kessel Brothers," as one usually does over here—and it is something of a hair-curler, grazing the knuckle and sailing close to the wind as it does! It is far, far removed from the "confession" albums, with their tinted, gilt-edged pages, of our youth, Très Cher, though it certainly contains a list of "our favourite authors." Such personages as Colette, Francis Carco, Sacha Guitry, Henri Bernstein, André Maurois, Paul Morand, Georges Duhamel—to mention but a few—have, one and all, promised to reveal part, perhaps all, of the inner secrets of their—unrevealing ego! Some programme, my merry masters, and what a two-francs' worth!

PRISCILLA.

OUTSIDE THE SAWDUST RING



"THE CUMBERLANDS" MAKING-UP



TWO OF THE "FOUR COSMARIES"



TRIPLE-DRESSING! : GERTRUD
QUINTILLIA



THE INNER GARMENT : GERTRUD
QUINTILLIA



Photos.: Charles E. Brown
EVA AND CONNIE OF THE
"FIVE KEMMYS"

Ever since the days when we were very small and first fell in love with "the beautiful lady on the white horse" we have all loved the glitter and glamour of the circus. Humanity having its limitations, however, this gorgeousness must be prosaically put on in dressing-rooms tucked away behind the "big tent," or, as in this case, in the surrounding spaces of the vast Olympia building. Our page shows some of the performers of Bertram Mills' Circus, which is as splendid as ever this year. "The Cumberlands," largely a family affair, are the bareback-riding troupe; they make the most daring and difficult feats look ridiculously easy. The "Four Cosmaries" are haute école riders; the two lady members of the act are seen putting on their gorgeous raiment before their performance. Gertrud Quintillia, during the course of her wire-walking act, abandons successively two outer costumes; she is seen making the necessary preparations. The "Five Kemmys" are a very clever acrobatic act

A BEST-EVER AT
ST. MORITZGOING CURLING: MAJOR AND MRS.
MILNER-GIBSON OF SLOGARIELORD QUEENSBERRY AND
MRS. MIKE WARDELLMRS. LEONARD GOVETT AND
MR. DENNIS GRIFFITHS

MR. AND MRS. TONY STOCKER

MR. AND MRS. ROY HUME-WILLIAMS
AND (LEFT) SIR ALBERT STERNMRS. VINCENT PARAVICINI
AND SIR ANTHONY WELDONYOUNG SHES AND SKIS: VIRGINIA
AND PAMELA TATE

St. Moritz is stated to be registering something like a best-ever, and with the snow out of doors of the finest and the cheer indoors of the warmest even a cast-iron grouser would not have any kind of hope. The World's Bobsleigh Championship is due on February 10 and 11, and at least fifteen nations are expected to enter; the Oxford and Cambridge Ski teams are probably at the Kulm by now, getting fettled up for their contest v. the Swiss Varsities. Almost all the people in this page are well-knowns, and the Laird of Slogarie Castle, Kirkcudbrightshire, and his wife not the least so. Major and Mrs. Milner-Gibson, who was Miss Forvé from Pennsylvania, were off to do a bit of curling when shot. Lord Queensberry's scarlet sweater from Austria is said to have been the envy of all beholders. Captain Mike Wardell's pretty wife is a daughter of Sir Kenneth and Lady Crossley. Mrs. Govett pays one Benito a compliment, as his name is on her scarf. Mr. Tony Stocker, whose wife was Miss Peta Davis, is in the 13/18th Hussars, and they were married last October. Sir Albert Stern, who had been curling on the Suvretta with Mr. and Mrs. Hume-Williams, is Sir Duncan Orr-Lewis's brother-in-law. Mrs. Vincent Paravicini, who was at the Christmas Eve gala party at the Palace, is the former Miss Liza Maugham, a daughter of the famous playwright. Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Tate's two young daughters make a pretty picture

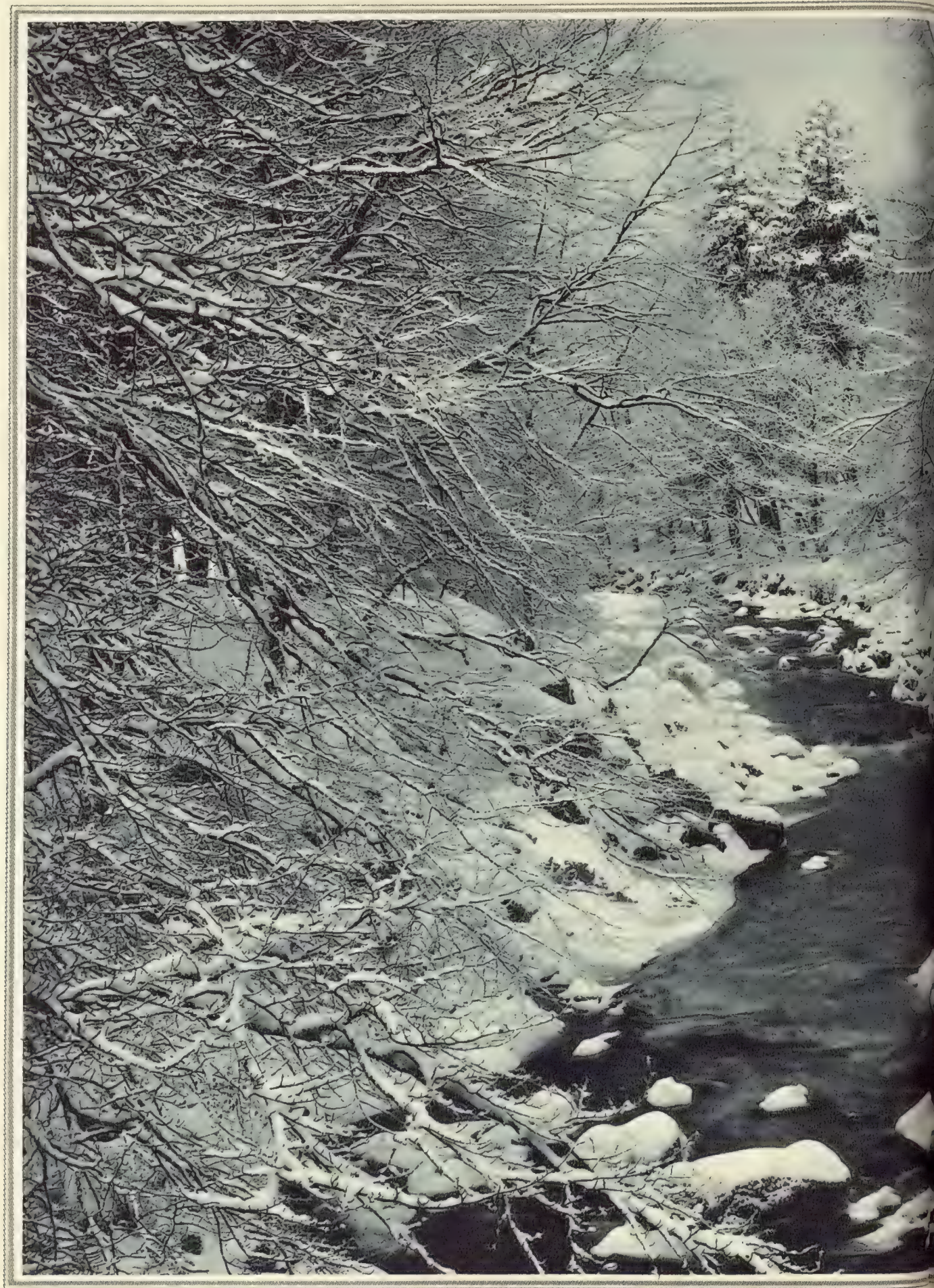
A WONDERFUL
SOCIETY DANCER
AND HER PARTNER



Fayer of Vienna

LADY PLUNKET AND MR. WALTER
CRISHOLME POSED IN ONE OF THEIR
DANCES FOR CHARITY

Lady Plunket is ever ready to give the services of her great talent on behalf of charity, and in many of her dances she is partnered by Mr. Walter Crisholme, who is equally famous as a dancer. Lady Plunket married the present Lord Plunket in 1922 and was then the widow of Captain Jack Barnato. She is a daughter of the completely ageless Fanny Ward, widow of the late Mr. Joseph Lewis. Lord and Lady Plunket have three sons, the Hon. Patrick, who was born in 1923, the Hon. Robin, 1925, and the Hon. Shaun, 1931. Lord Plunket is in the Rifle Brigade (Reserve of Officers)



THE SILENCE OF THE SNOW: RIVER

Not loud our brook, as when the steeling rain
 Scatters the gold of dying Autumn's dower,
 And down its channels, cloudy with clay-stain,
 It leaps and tumbles in its sullen power.

While winds lash loud and scudding cloudbanks lower :
 Not with the laughter of its summer flow.
 Furtive and awed, the wild brook-spirits cower,
 And dare not wake the silence of the snow.



Photo. : Alex. B. Beatha

DEVERON, NEAR HUNTLY, ABERDEEN

Not rich and green, our woods, as long ago,
 But smooth and white, barren of leaf and flower,
 Lit with the weird bright glamour of the snow;
 High beeches, stripped in this, their waiting hour.

Ranked pines in order, each a dreaming tower
 In stillness even our whispers can profane;
 A soft wreath falling in a glittering shower
 Says "Hush!" The silence turns to sleep again.

A. M. HARBORD



AT THE KYRENIA HOSPITAL BALL

In Cyprus—the isle sacred to Venus, according to Greek mythology—the Kyrenia Hospital Ball is a particularly popular annual event. This year H.E. the Governor, Sir Richmond Palmer, attended it with Lady Palmer, and see above for other supporters. Sitting: Mrs. Pemberton, Miss Rosemary Casson, who is a niece of Dame Sybil Thorndike; Mr. A. Browne, and Miss Diana Blunt, daughter of Mr. D. L. Blunt, director of Agriculture in Cyprus. Standing: Major Stafford Northcote, of the Cyprus Police, and Mr. A. Morton

A NEW ARRIVAL IN THE
ISLAND OF CYPRUS

Above is Canon N. A. Marshall, who was recently appointed Canon Missioner to the colony of Cyprus. Canon Marshall was a naval officer until 1923, retiring from the Senior Service with the rank of Commander. Shortly afterwards he was ordained. Before going to Cyprus he was doing fine work in Malta, where many old shipmates were always delighted to meet him again

STAIRS AND GRACES:
CYPRUS SOCIETY SITS OUT

Here is another group taken at the Kyrenia Hospital Ball, where there was a fine showing of pretty girls. From the top are Miss Margot Passington and Mr. E. Megaw; Mr. P. Sowerby and Miss "Tuffin" Browne; Miss Glenys Llewellyn Jones and Mr. G. Meikle; Miss Audrey Neff and Major A. P. Aveline. The last is O.C. a detachment of the Royal Berkshire Regiment, stationed at Nicosia, the capital of Cyprus. Mr. Magaw, as Director of Antiquities, has a specially interesting job. Phoenicians as well as Greeks left their mark on this venerable isle, to which Euripides alludes thus in the opening lines of Medea:

"By many names men call me,
My name is Kupris"

WITH THE FRUITS OF THEIR LABOURS:
COLONEL AND MRS. JAMES GROVE-WHITE

Regular winter residents in Cyprus include Colonel and Mrs. Grove-White, of Kilbyrne, who have built themselves a delightful house. On their extensive chiflik (farm) they grow grape-fruit with great success, and are seen on left

JUMP-RACING AT LEOPARDSTOWN



MRS. FRANK BOYLAN, LADY FINGALL
AND CAPTAIN W. E. L. ECCLES



MISS MOLLY MORROGH-RYAN, MR. MAXWELL ARNOTT,
MISS BARBARA JAMESON AND F. WALWYN



MR. DENNIS ECCLES AND MISS EVA MURPHY

Leopardstown, a grand spot for watching steeplechasing on the Irish plan at its best, drew the customary concentration of sporting notables, and in this page are just a few of them. On the day these pictures were taken there was a great battle in the December 'Chase. Shack and Flying Rose looked like carving it up, but then Mrs. E. McGrath's Cherry Pip came with a wet sail and beat them out of it. Captain Eccles, who is in the picture with Lady Fingall and Mrs. Boylan, both well known in Co. Meath, is an ex-Joint Master of the famous pack. His son is in the picture below with his pretty fiancée, who also goes well out hunting. F. Walwyn, Reynolds-town's pilot in the 1936 National, has been in the wars. All the others in that group are well known in Meath. Lady Hemphill hunts with The Blazers, and the Countess Taffie is the wife of the Count Edmund Taffie of Bohemia.



LADY HEMPHILL AND THE COUNTESS TAFFIE

Photo, Dublin



Truman Howell

WITH THE GLAMORGANSHIRE AT FONMON CASTLE

The picture was taken at a Christmas meet of the Glamorganshire Hunt at Fonmon Castle, where Sir Seymour and Lady Boothby entertained a large field. In the group are: Mrs. H. C. R. Homfray, Mr. H. C. R. Homfray, M.F.H. (the Master), Mr. H. R. Williams (who had the pack for twenty-one years), the Marchioness of Bute, M.F.H. (Master of the Pentyrch, which adjoins the Glamorgan country), Mr. C. C. Ll. Williams, M.F.H. (Tredegar), and Sir Seymour Boothby. In front are Andrew and Peregrine Bertie, grandsons of the Marchioness of Bute

IF Cuban M.P.'s are paid same like our own, it is obvious that they earn every stiver of their stipends, for at a recent session the President (an official who is presumably the opposite number of our Captain Fitzroy), sweeping the Chamber with his revolver, said: "The next gentleman who draws will lose an ear." The President, it was explained, is a noted marksman, and four Senators who had drawn their revolvers stalked from the Chamber observing, "There is no personal security in the Capitol to-night."

There is something "to" a Parliamentary career in those parts, and there must be a definite zest connected with doing what is called "catching the Speaker's eye."



AFOOT WITH THE TAUNTON VALE AT MANOR HOUSE, WHITESTAUNTON

The Taunton Vale met at The Manor House, Whitestaunton, recently, Colonel Mitchell, who is second from the right, being their host. Mrs. Mitchell is on the left, and the others in the group are Lady Portman (wife of the Master), the Hon. Sheila Portman, and the Dowager Lady Portman. Lord Portman has been Master since 1928; he was formerly Joint-Master of the Warwickshire

Pictures in the Fire



Bassano

TO BE MARRIED THIS MONTH: MR. MICHAEL GOSLING AND MISS RACHEL MARTIN SOAMES

Miss Soames is a daughter of Mrs. Harold Martin Soames, of Moor Park, Farnham; her father, who was in the 20th Hussars, was killed in action on August 25, 1914

Although we have managed to squeak home in the first two bat-and-ball games in Australia, we must be very careful not to let it get into our heads and allow ourselves to believe that we are any real good. That would be completely un-British. No; what we *did*, or *had*, ought to do is to say that it was all a perishing fluke, and that if Don had been Don,

if the wicket had been as good for the Australians as it was for us, if Walter hadn't popped on that double century and also managed to find the way home with the ball, and also a lot of other "ifs," we were bound to have been knocked stone-cold. Following up this same line of reasoning, we ought to give away not only Gib, but Malta, Aden, India, Australia and Canada, the Cape and anything else we may think anyone might like to have. We ought, likewise, to sink the Navy, disband the Army, and burn the Air Force. If we did all these things, we might then have an outside chance of earning some small measure of popularity and obviate being blamed every time a Pekinese twists a Tonkinese's pigtail, or a Siamese makes faces at an Annamese. As things are, everything that happens anywhere is always our fault!

A convive of former days, who swears me to secrecy where his name is



Clapperton

ANOTHER JANUARY WEDDING

Captain J. W. S. Home-Drummond-Moray and Miss Jean Montagu-Douglas-Scott, whose wedding will be on January 21. Captain Moray is in the Scots Guards. His bride is one of Lord George Scott's twin daughters and a cousin of the Duchess of Gloucester

By "SABRETACHE"



Clapperton

AT A RECENT BUCCLEUCH MEET

Lady Caroline Scott, the younger daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, and Lady Irene Haig the day the Duke's hounds met at the kennels at St. Boswell



IN GWALIOR: MISS BAPSY PAVRY, H.H. THE MAHARAJA SCINDIA, AND DR. JAL PAVRY

Miss Bapsy Pavry and Dr. Jal Pavry were recently in Gwalior as the guests of his Highness the Maharaja on the occasion of the investiture of the young Maharaja with full ruling powers by his Excellency the Viceroy

concerned, has had a rather strenuous Feast of Noel, with his Mama-in-law as one of the guests of honour. I would dearly love to print his letter *verbatim et literatim*, but I think it might give him away, and so it is safer to do it in *oratio obliqua*. This is how it goes: after kirk on that Christmas morn, the old trout button-holed the poor Vicar and his equally charming lady and invited them to come to her loving son-in-law's house for a binder before lunch, and to meet her other daughter, Ihre Hoheit Hochwohlgeboren Herzogin von Pumpernickel, and H.H. her husband, who were arriving in time for the turkey, and so forth. She said all sorts of kind friends had been showering champagne and all manner of drinks

on "dear Mike" (my pal). Another old cat, a Mrs. Seakale, overhearing this, said: "Oh, could she come too?", and bring her two daughters and two lop-eared oykes, whom they had in tow, because they would "so love to meet Their Highnesses." Devil a word to poor Mike, mark you! Mike says thank heaven he has a sense of humour,

AT THE GLAMORGAN C.C. BALL AT CARDIFF

A picture which includes some of Glamorgan's best-known in two arenas of sport. The names are (standing): Mr. C. C. Williams, M.F.H. (Tredegar), Mr. W. R. Roberts (Oxford Blue and Welsh International Rugby player), Mr. H. C. R. Homfray, M.F.H. (Glamorganshire); (seated) Mrs. J. C. Clay, a sister of Mr. H. C. R. Homfray; Mr. J. C. Clay, former captain of the XI., whose noteworthy feats include that of being the first amateur to take 100 wickets for the team, 115 not out against New Zealand in 1927, 101 not out against Worcestershire in 1929, and the first bowler of the past season to capture 8 wickets against the All India team; the other lady is Mrs. W. R. Roberts

Truman Howell



and that he was able to get a slice of his own back by taking a life off the old girl with the two filly foals who always led the gallop in the Anti-Hooch campaign and pretended, especially to the Vicar, that she didn't even know the smell of it.

Mike says to Mrs. Seakale, who is the kind of person who is always talking about where people's "people" come from: "Now you *must* have a spot of sherry white wine, or maybe it's a whisky and Polly you'd like?" She glared at him and shuddered, as if the bees had stung her, but Mike having kissed the Blarney Stone, and consequently having acquired a great way with the sex, got the better of her, and by the time the Ihr Hoheit and Herzogin arrived, had her so nearly

(Continued on page VIII)



Willie Burke

H.E. THE ACTING GOVERNOR OF MADRAS AND HIS "CABINET"

During the absence on leave of Lord Erskine, Sir K. V. Reddi Nayudu has been Acting Governor of the Province and is here seen with the principal Ministers at Government House

The names (l. to r.) are (in front): the Hon. Kumar Swami Reddi (formerly Minister for Education), the Hon. Pannir Selvam (Law), H.E. the Acting Governor, Sir Charles Souter (First Member of Council), and the Hon. P. T. Rajan (Development); (at back) Sir Geoffrey Bracken (Finance), Mr. C. F. Brackenbury (Chief Secretary), and Mr. G. T. Boag (Revenue Department Chief Secretary)



AMONG THE MERRY SNOWS:
KITZBÜHEL, AUSTRIA

Kitzbühel is a very popular resort for winter-sports enthusiasts, as well as for summer visitors. The photograph shows a street of the little town in the deserted state of early morning

THIS story comes from America: It was in the middle of the hottest of hot summers, and the temperature was round about the 100-in-the-shade mark. Along the street came a gentleman wearing a heavy overcoat, with the collar turned up round his ears.

A well-meaning old lady, filled with curiosity, stopped the man. "Why in the world," she demanded, "are you wearing a heavy blue overcoat on a boiling day like this?"

The man smiled and then answered, confidentially: "Because, madam, brown doesn't suit me at all."

A speaker at a temperance meeting harangued the crowd on the evils of drink and publicans in general.

"Who is it who can dress his wife in furs and ride in expensive cars?" he stormed. "The publican, of course. He lives a life of luxury on your money!"

Some time later he met a young couple who had attended the meeting, and was most gratified when the husband thanked him effusively for his wonderful advice.

"So you have given up drink?" the lecturer asked.

"Oh no," came the reply, "we've bought a pub!"

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

A man and his son were walking along, when the boy noticed a sign, "Carpenter and Joiner," outside a house.

"Father," he asked, "what is a joiner?"

"A joiner, my son," replied his parent, "is a man who, if he sees two men drinking together at a bar, immediately joins them."

An American and a Londoner were discussing business and business men, each claiming the superior ability for his countrymen.

"Well," declared the New York man, "I've been coming to London regularly for the last ten years, and I've never once met what I should call a sharp man of business."

"Very probably," retorted the Londoner, "you see, we've got all that sort in prison."

"So you have a baby brother?" asked the visitor. "And what's his name?"

"We don't know," replied the small child. "We can't understand a word he says."

A storeman in South Georgia allowed Rastus credit during the spring and summer, so that Rastus could make his cotton crop. It turned out to be a good year, and Rastus had enough money to pay his account at the store and still have some left over.

After paying his account, he went across the street and bought quite a lot of goods for cash. The dealer who had given Rastus so much credit learned of this, and the next time

he saw him said: "Rastus, I carried you all spring and summer, and now you go across the street and buy stuff for cash. What's the idea?"

"Why, Mistah Boss," replied Rastus, in a surprised tone, "Ah didn't know you sells fo' cash!"

A certain old village woman was renowned for the fact that she grumbled at everything and everybody.

The vicar of the village had determined to try to find something about which she had no complaint. And at last he thought he had found it in the old lady's crop of potatoes, which was the finest for miles around.

"Ah, for once you must be pleased," he said, with a beaming smile, as he met her in front of her cottage. "Everybody's saying how splendid your potatoes are this year."

The old woman glowered at him as she answered: "They're not so bad. But where's the bad potatoes for the pigs?"

"You never t-take the s-slightest interest in anything I do," sobbed the young bride.

"Now, don't be unreasonable, darling," said the new husband. "All last night I lay awake wondering what you had put in that cake you made yesterday."



THE CHARMING YOUNG GIRL ON THE
FLYING TRAPEZE: ELLY ARDELTY

The pretty lady on the pillar, Elly Ardelty, is a Russian and a spectacular performer on the high trapeze. She is one of the principals of "Folies d'Amour," the new revue which opens on January 7 at the London Casino, and bids fair to eclipse anything yet staged at this popular show-house of youth and beauty

Snowmaiden



Her evenings are passed in

dancing, her days in sport. On the
ski-ing slopes, beside the rink, on the luge

run, her skin is exposed both

to fierce sunshine

and to the nipping

winds that blow down from

the mountains — yet *always* her

complexion remains smooth and

flawless. No hint of reddening

or roughening impairs

its clarity.



For sensitive skins exposed to a particularly severe climatic test, Elizabeth Arden recommends: ★ *Venetian Cleansing Cream*; 4/6, 8/6, 12/6, 22/6. ★ *Ardena Skin Tonic*; 3/6, 8/6, 15/6, 25/-. ★ *Ardena Velve Cream*; 4/6, 8/6, 12/6, 22/6. ★ *Orange Skin Food*; 4/6, 7/6, 12/6, 18/6, 35/-. ★ *Protecta Cream*; 5/6, 8/6, 12/6. ★ *Ultra Amoretta Cream*; 4/6, 8/6. ★ *Ardena Creme de France*; 4/6, 8/6.

Elizabeth Arden

THE BALL OF THE 4th BATTALION, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE REGIMENT



MR. G. H. DRUMMOND, MR. H. HENDERSON, MRS. HENDERSON,
MISS E. DRUMMOND, AND LORD RODERIC PRATT



MISS DIANA BRASSEY AND CAPTAIN
P. W. CRIPPS



THE HON. BARBARA EDEN, MR. J. COWAN, AND
THE HON. GRISELDA EDEN



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL W. E. GREEN (O.C. 5th
BATTALION), MRS. SCOTT-ROBSON, LIEUTENANT-
COLONEL H. N. SCOTT-ROBSON (O.C. 4th
BATTALION), AND MISS THORNTON

The Northamptonshire Regiment commemorates in one of its badges the part played by the regiment in the defence of Gibraltar when it was besieged from 1779-83. It also bears indications of its fine service in Canada and Egypt in the old days. The 4th Battalion is a Territorial unit with headquarters in Northampton, and they held their annual ball there recently. Mr. G. H. Drummond has won renown as an outstanding performer across country, a severe accident to his head being nowhere near enough to stop him. Lord Roderic Pratt is Lord Camden's youngest son and the Hon. Barbara and Griselda Eden are Lord Henley's two eldest daughters. Colonel Scott-Robson commands the 4th Battalion, and Colonel Green the 5th, which is a Huntingdonshire unit with headquarters at Peterborough

when enduring
the
unutterable boredom
of waiting
for
a
train . . .



have you ever noticed
what
a
blessing
a
cigarette
can
be? . . .



It's such
a delightfully unobtrusive
and
friendly companion
that it's
a tremendous help
in
whiling away
the time

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.

AIR EDDIES : By OLIVER STEWART



MR. EDMUND HORDERN AND THE DUKE OF RICHMOND AND (BELOW) THE HORDERN-RICHMOND 'PLANE

The above picture and the one below taken at Goodwood House, display an aeroplane designed by his Grace in collaboration with Mr. E. Hordern, the well-known test pilot, and it is considered to be the ideal craft for the private owner. It is a twin-engined machine, each engine giving 40 h.p., and can be used as a two-seater with 170 lb. of luggage, or as a three-seater with only a light load



THE HORDERN-RICHMOND AUTOPLANE

snowball scheme which will not only provide for the training of more young men each year, but will also make bigger demands upon the S.B.A.C. funds. Its essential is that it throws open the door and allows young men, other than those already endowed with some cultural or class key, to get into aviation. Here are the general terms.

£1600 a Year.

In the first year the S.B.A.C. is setting aside £400 to be paid in awards to candidates, up to a maximum of £100 a year for any one candidate. The amount of each award will depend upon the financial circumstances of the candidate's parents or guardians. Awards will be made in March or April, and each scholarship will ordinarily be held for four years. This means that in the fourth year and subsequently the annual expenditure on the scheme will be £1600, excluding the cost of administering it. For that the aircraft industry may hope to have always in training a minimum of sixteen and possibly as many as thirty-two intelligent young men who otherwise might have been barred from entering the industry. First awards will be made this year, and applications have to be sent to the Royal Aeronautical Society, which is administering the scheme. The age limits are 16 to 18, and the candidates must hold a school certificate or its equivalent.

The scheme has already received the support of all the leading aircraft and aero engine-makers, and I think it should be welcomed as a truly constructive effort on the part of the Society. It should enable the reservoir of youth to be tapped and should help to ensure that no avoidable waste occurs in the country's aeronautical ability. It has to be remembered that aviation makes a continual call, year by year, for leaders, and that at the moment it lacks them. It has no inspired person at the head of things to give it point and focus.

"R.101" Echo.

It is really only now that we are beginning to measure accurately the tragedy of the airship "R.101," which

killed Lord Thomson and Sir Sefton Brancker, besides many others remarkable for their originality and courage. Lord Thomson was a leader who might have done much for British aviation. Myself, I always thought his enthusiasm for large, rigid airships was mistaken, and I frequently told him so. But in his replies one could not help feeling the enthusiasm and the belief that were in him, and, feeling them, one thought: Whether he is right or wrong in detail, this man will keep aeronautical progress running for all it is worth. Brancker, in his entirely different way, was also a leader; one who would have provided a constant stimulus to great adventures. British aviation has never repaired the loss of those two.

I do not mean that we have no men of ability in high places. Sir Philip Sassoon, for instance, who has longer experience as a political head of British aviation than anyone, not only understands flying, but is also a skilled dialectician who has saved the Air Ministry time after time in the House of Commons. Whether Sir Philip has ambitions to become Secretary of State for Air or not I do not know. At any rate up to the present he has been satisfied with the position of Under-Secretary and he has performed his duties with the utmost efficiency.

But in that post he cannot provide the inspiration which I believe to be needed.

Senor de la Cierva

One thing I must add about the closing weeks of 1936. It is a tribute to Señor Don Juan de la Cierva y Codorniu, the inventor of the autogiro and a creative genius of the first order, who died in the Croydon air crash. The autogiro was never overshadowed by any of the aeronautical prophets. They foreshadowed every other kind of flying machine: aeroplane, balloon, helicopter, and ornithopter; but no one, before Señor de la Cierva, hit upon or even hinted at the autogiro, or windmill, method. And it is one of the most

astonishing methods and one of the most perfectly coherent. In fact, of all inventions about which I have ever heard, I know of none more truly successful than the autogiro. Remember it is *not* a helicopter. It is controlled by a single hanging stick without rudder, elevators or ailerons; that it is automatically stable; that it can land without run and take off with a vertical upward jump. The more one studies the autogiro the more one must regret the Señor's untimely death.



THE HON. MRS. T. P. F. FAGAN AND HER LITTLE SON

The Hon. Mrs. Fagan is the younger of Lord and Lady Arundell of Wardour's two daughters, and was married in 1935 to Flight-Lieut. Thomas Fagan, R.A.F. The attractive little son and heir seen in the picture is now rising two. Lord and Lady Arundell's elder daughter is the Hon. Mrs. Hanbury-Tracy

CALENDAR

JANUARY — MARCH 1937

SOCIAL EVENTS: INTERNATIONAL BRIDGE TOURNAMENT, *January 18-26*; Monaco National Fête, *January 17*; Battle of Flowers, *March 6*; INTERNATIONAL REGATTAS during *March*; Dog Show, *April 3-4*; Monte Carlo Theatre—Season of Comedies and Operettas has already opened.

SPORT: Monte Carlo Country Club (Tennis), Club Championships, *January 11-17*; INTERNATIONAL TOURNAMENT (Butler Trophy and Beaumont Cup), *February 22-28*; Condamine Tennis Club—Sixth International Tennis Championships of the Principality of Monaco, *January 18-24*; Monte Carlo Golf Club—Windsor Challenge Cup, *February 13*; Sporting Club Cup, *February 20*; MONTE CARLO MOTOR RALLY, *January 30 to February 3*.

MUSIC: Concerts—Sir Thomas BEECHAM, *January 13*; Mozart Festival (Conductor: Reynaldo Hahn), *February 3*; Jacques THIBAUD, *February 17*; Sydney BEER and Walther GIESEKING, *February 19*; Richard STRAUSS, *March 12*; KREISLER, *March 17 and 19*; RACHMANINOFF, *March 24 and 26*; Bruno WALTER, *March 31*; Opera—Season opens with WAGNER'S "RING," in German, by Bayreuth Opera Company, under Franz von Hoesslin, *January 24*; "Tristan and Isolde," *February 2*; AUTORI and CHALIAPINE, as well as many other famous artistes, will appear during the course of the season, which lasts till *March 30*.



There's
Rest at



Monte
Carlo

REST on your oars awhile. You work too hard—you play too much. Pause, and relax, and renew your strength in change of air and atmosphere. The tonic airs, the quiet comforts of Monte Carlo are what you need. . .

YOU will breakfast on your balcony, in the warmth of a sun that can always be relied on. Then out, for a stroll through the flower-gay gardens, your morning paper and a drink on the terrace; or a beneficial hour of the new slimming treatment at the Etablissement Thermal. Lunch (outside or in, as you feel inclined) . . . and you find that care has flown, as the day moves calmly on by the glittering, sun-kissed sea. An evening of musical enchantment, and then, refreshed in body and mind, to a long untroubled sleep.



This winter the cost of living at Monte Carlo will be cheaper than ever. In spite of the devaluation of the franc, hotel tariffs have not been increased, which means in English money a reduction of approximately 35 per cent. Railway fares and all other expenses show proportionate savings.

Visitors to the HOTEL DE PARIS, the HOTEL METROPOLE and the HOTEL HERMITAGE will continue to enjoy the advantages of the 'pension tournante.' This makes it possible for them to take their meals as they choose, either in their own Hotel or at the Café de Paris, or at the International Sporting Club.

There are good hotels to suit every purse, full particulars of which can be obtained from Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son, Limited, and all Travel Agencies.



THE HAILEYBURY RUGGER XV. v. HARROW

Haileybury beat Harrow by two tries and two goals to two tries. In the course of the season they have drawn with Tonbridge, beaten Dulwich, and lost to Oundle and Bedford.

The names are (standing): A. McM. Buchanan (referee; Irish International), E. S. Illingworth, N. S. Harrison, C. E. Baines, M. J. C. H. Saunders, P. G. Evans, J. B. Womersley, R. D. Morton, K. A. C. Samler-Brown; (seated) P. J. Barton, G. C. de Boynville, K. A. F. Hornby, P. R. B. Mitchell (captain), M. W. Pitts-Tucker, P. T. Cash; (on ground) J. R. Carroll and R. A. Sutch

DEAR TATLER—

NOW that the Christmas festivities are over and the tourists have returned home, we are able to make a more or less rough estimate of England's possible resources in the first International match. I propose to do this without any very direct reference to trials, but more with a view to the forces at England's disposal. It seems to me that something of the kind is specially desirable this year, when there are a great number of good players without any very distinguished personalities. The standard of play has been fairly high on the whole, and I do not know that it is much the worse because some of the better-known clubs have suffered more than their usual number of defeats. It is pretty certain, at any rate, that there will be a greater diversity of opinion over the composition of the England side than there has been for some seasons.

* * *

To begin with, there has been considerable controversy over the full-back position. Now, there is no doubt that we have two really good backs from South Africa, and some people will tell you that we have also two first-class English players in that position. Personally, I do not believe that either of the latter is in the same class as the two Oxford men. Like many other folk, I do not pay much attention to all this fuss about qualification, especially as the rules, or lack of them, stand at present. The job of the Selectors is to get the best man they can to fill the place, and if this is once realised it puts an end to most of the hubbub. Probably the brilliant kicking of H. D. Freakes will turn the scale in his favour.

* * *

Next we come to the three-quarter line, and there in particular it is true that we have a large number of useful players. It is truer still that there is no great outstanding centre, and only one certainty on the wing. The omission of H. S. Sever would probably cause a riot, and it is difficult to conceive England without P. Cranmer or R. A. Gerrard. We all remember how last year these two all but won the championship for England, and, since Gerrard has hardly been under consideration this season owing to injuries, the natural course is to turn to Cranmer.

* * *

The other place at the moment of writing remains fairly open, but we have to remember that the Welsh centres will be W. Wooller and Claude Davey, and that it is not

A Rugby Letter

By "HARLEQUIN"

much use trying to counter them with a weak defence. I could mention, but I will not, half-a-dozen centres at least who would be quite useless against the Welsh backs. It is easy to understand that the Selectors have had a great deal of trouble over this particular place, and everybody will hope that they will hit on the right solution. There is no Prince Obolensky this season to monopolise the right wing, and there must have been several wing three-quarters who went into the final trial with high hopes.



Photos: Stuart

THE HARROW XV. AGAINST HAILEYBURY

The team that lost to Haileybury by 6-16 in their fixture played recently.

The names are (standing): D. T. O. Henriques, J. A. P. Jones, R. G. Smith-Cunningham, W. S. P. Lithgow, C. Campbell, R. E. Dennis, D. C. Rissik; (seated) C. Powell-Cotton, V. H. C. Gibson, C. A. Halliday, W. G. Stewart (captain), R. M. Seligman, C. D. E. Dunsford-Wood; (on ground) J. K. Prestige and P. B. Allen

For some years now we have been in difficulties over our stand-off halves, although only in one or two cases were these players as bad as they were represented to be by a prejudiced Press. Still, the fact remains that it is a long time since we have had a Davies or a Myers, and now comes a season when we have an abundance of halves of both kinds. All through this season T. A. Kemp, of Cambridge, has been playing excellent football, and it is a thousand pities that he had to miss the Bristol trial. Probably he and his usual partner, J. D. Low, might make a splendid pair for England, but of course the latter has not the weight, the experience, the physique, nor the skill in leadership possessed by B. C. Gadney. J. O. Sowerbutts and G. A. Walker have been playing together most of the season, although even they have been unable to make Blackheath's record look respectable; but there is no doubt that they are a splendid pair, though perhaps not quite so physically powerful as one might wish.

* * *

It would easily be possible for the Selectors to spring a surprise on the public. Indeed, they have already done so in the case of one forward at Twickenham. There was certainly one name which was unexpected, while a second was A. N. Other! I can only hope that the second row of the scrummage will be as hefty and genuine as it was last season. In the back row A. W. Seaton and D. L. K. Milman have made good their claims to lengthy consideration, and no one is likely to forget the experienced W. H. Weston, especially against Wales. Other promising forwards there are in plenty, and it would not be easy for England to pick a second-rate pack. They may do so, however, unless they can persuade some member or other to act as a leader. Perhaps when the final trial teams were chosen he was disguised as A. N. Other, and, whoever he is, he will be welcomed if he can inspire a little more life, dash, and cohesion into the pack.

This England . . .



Exmoor Landscape

THE “everlasting hills” of England have not the majesty of some foreign alp, but who has not rested on a hillside to watch the shadows of the clouds slide past—like changing thoughts upon a well-loved face. Part of us they are and in some sort like us—or we like them. Staunch beneath the wildest storms, yet mellowed and made gentle by centuries of them . . . broad in their outlook, generous in their nature . . . giving of themselves in rich, grass-fed beef and bold, great-hearted beer like Worthir





Holloway

THE 25TH ARMOURD CAR COMPANY (NORTHANTS YEOMANRY)

Though all horse-soldiers must regret bitterly their deprivation when mechanisation comes and takes their horses away, they have at least the great satisfaction that in the event of war they will only be exposing motors to the enemy's fire. The Northants Yeomanry is a unit that has changed over to petrol.

In the above group of its officers are (seated: l. to r.): Lt.-Col. A. F. G. Renton (O.C.), Col. J. G. Lowther, M.F.H. (Hon. Col.), and Major L. H. Cox; (standing) 2nd-Lt. T. F. Hudson, Lt. W. A. Howkins, Capt. N. V. Stopford-Sackville, Capt. P. Wiggin (Adjutant), Capt. J. J. Myles, Lt. E. Harris, and 2nd-Lt. the Hon. Ivor Guest, M.P.

FROM the figures and the results of tests given in the Ministry of Transport's "Studies in Road Friction," it emerges that one of the worst sections of road in England, one of the most slippery and treacherous, is a section on the Kingston By-pass *deliberately laid down there for experimental purposes*. Its co-efficient is comparable with that of packed snow, and, according to these research workers, is at a dangerously low level. Moreover, the Kingston By-pass, of all roads on earth, is used for laying down eleven different test sections of road when it is known that not only are some of the sections dangerous in themselves, but that changes of surface constitute an additional source of danger.

Racing and Responsibility.

So here is the unsuspecting public in its motor-cars, gyrating out of control on a deliberately laid, known-to-be dangerous surface on the Kingston By-pass, and then being accused, as often as not, of driving dangerously! Here are the public highways being employed as a testing ground, not only of the road itself, but also of all those who pass along the road. Yet there is a scream of self-righteous indignation when it is suggested that sections of the public highway should be closed for motor-car races. Official responsibility rejects the idea of closing a section of road for a few hours for a race; but it accepts the laying down of a variety of different surfaces, some of them dangerous, on a heavily loaded main road.

There must be no closing of the roads for racing—which has done more for road safety than all the official experiments put together—but traps may be laid for members of the public and the authorities may stand



Truman Howell

A CHRISTMAS ENGAGEMENT: MR. HARRY MCGOWAN AND MISS CARMEN CORY

The engagement was announced on Christmas Eve at Coryton, Cardiff, where the above picture was taken. Mr. Harry McGowan is the son and heir of Sir Harry McGowan, who is the head of Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd. Miss Cory is the younger daughter of the late Sir Herbert Cory, Bart., and Elizabeth, Lady Cory, and hunts with the Glamorgan, Tredegar, Pentrych, and Monmouthshire packs, rides in ladies' point-to-points, and has a number of horses in training under both codes. Her first venture on the turf—China Sea—won eight races for her within as many months

PETROL VAPOUR

By JOHN OLIVER

back and watch the results with interest and self-satisfaction. Yet the authorities who do this have the impertinence to talk about the carelessness of motor-car drivers! And remember, in the words of "Studies in Road Friction": "The experiments have, therefore, demonstrated that safe surfaces can be laid which will stand up to fast and heavy traffic without involving any maintenance costs for at least 5 years." In brief, there is no reason why our road surfaces should not be safe—unless it be to satisfy the anti-motoring whims of the highway authorities.

Vauxhall.

More than £2,000,000 has been spent during the past three years on new buildings and new plant at the Vauxhall works. A recent visit to the factory showed that the programme of new buildings and extensions is proceeding according to plan. The Vauxhall laboratory has had another floor built on with an additional area of 2650 square feet and the press shop has been enlarged with another fifty thousand square feet of floor space. Only just over a year ago the new building known as "K" block was opened, with its eight acres of machine shops serving a continuous assembly line almost one-third of a mile in length; yet in a few weeks it will be larger by more than 23,000 square feet. The "car storage" building is also being enlarged at a cost of over £32,000, and when it is completed

it will cover nearly 5 acres. I am told by the Vauxhall people that "car delivery" would really be a better title for the building, because cars and trucks are never actually stored; they merely pass through the building for the formalities concerned with handing them over to dealers. Altogether the Vauxhall works are now well planned and well equipped to deal with the immense calls which are made upon it by the public.

Coming Events.

Motor sport events begin early this year. The first is the South African Grand Prix, and that is followed by the Monte Carlo Rally. On the 21st February there is the Grand Prix de Vitessé de Pau. Then, from the 9th to the 13th March, there is the R.A.C. Rally, for which the regulations have been issued. The finishing point is Hastings. Six starting points will be used compared with nine in previous years, and the routes will be a little shorter—all under the thousand miles. But although shorter, the routes are to be more severe, with a few hills in them. Another thing is that the last control on each route is not much more than 100 miles from Hastings, so that the time for minor repairs and adjustments at the final control will be reduced. The average speed for all classes will be 24 m.p.h.

Licences.

Here is a reminder that your vehicle licence ought to have been taken out already, and that, if the car has been used since the 1st, it must be taken out. Some 2½ million licences expired at the end of last month. The 14 days' "grace" is grace only to get the licence. It does not mean that the car can be used without one.

Come to France

IT'S CHEAPER TO GET THERE, CHEAPER TO LIVE THERE AND CHEAPER TO ENJOY YOURSELF THERE



• VOSGES, JURA, ALPS, AUVERGNE, PYRENEES,

where WINTER SPORTS are no longer a luxury. There is a centre to suit every pocket, and sport for everyone from beginner to the most expert. INTERNATIONAL SKI FEDERATION CHAMPIONSHIPS at CHAMONIX, 11-18 February, 1937. Special 40-day Winter Sports return tickets and 50% reduction week-end tickets.

• FRENCH RIVIERA, BASQUE COUNTRY.

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SENTIMENTAL REASONS

By NORAH COTTERILL

PATRICK MARNEY, K.C., leaning over the rail of the parade ring, watched the two-year-olds being led round before the fifth race. He watched them with a deep sense of pleasure. Of all the lovely things on four legs, Marney thought the two-year-olds were the loveliest. Their small, proud heads plucking at the leading reins like children impatient of control. Their wide eyes, alert with interest, turning quick, curious glances on to the watching crowd. Their rippling muscles and gleaming coats, beautiful in immaturity and rich with promise.

Marney glanced down the card. Their names were like notes of music: Golden Shadow, Damozel, Lightfoot Filly, Silverstream, and Petronella were a few of the fifteen runners. Petronella, number five. The name jogged tenderly at his memory. He had been going to marry Petronella Davys once. He remembered his delirious happiness, his delight in her delicate, almost ethereal loveliness. For a few months they had loved ideally and then, suddenly, had quarrelled and hated each other wholeheartedly because of their fancied hurts. Everything had conspired against meetings and sweet reconciliations. Petronella had been whisked abroad, to find distraction and consolation with considerable rapidity. Marney flung himself, for the first time seriously, into his legal studies, and found them unexpectedly absorbing.

He had never married; but it was not really because of Petronella; it was rather that he found himself perfectly contented by his bachelor existence. Surrounded in the courts by examples of matrimonial impermanence and disillusionment, he had long since decided to steer clear of attachments that might involve the marriage service. Rather as a shield and buckler, he had enshrined the memory of Petronella as the Ideal glimpsed and lost. Though the fire of his young love had died in bitterness, from the ashes he had created a pleasant memory of the past. Even now he sometimes loved to conjure up a dreamlike vision of Petronella in the smoke of a cigar after he had dined alone. He would lie back and idly visualise her coming into the room with that eager little run of hers when her absurdly small feet had

"I backed it," she squeaked excitedly, as she began to grope in the depths of a fantastic handbag for her ticket; "I backed it because my name is Petronella."

scarcely seemed to touch the ground. Sometimes he would imagine her perched on his knee while he closed his eyes to feel the fluttering softness of her lips on his.

But he had no desire for the vision to become a permanent reality. Petronella was an enchanting dream of what might have been; just that. Marney had never been conscious of any distress that what might have been had not been. And now the name Petronella was staring at him from a race-card. Petronella, by Ronald out of Little Pet. A filly of obscure breeding and ownership, trained by a not very successful trainer and ridden by an apprentice. He looked her up in the form book he carried and found she had no form. It was her first outing. She came round, snatching at her leading-rein, fixing him with a sudden stare of interest as she passed, a nicely-balanced, but rather small bay filly compared with the big-boned chestnut colt Golden Shadow, which came after her.

Two men who knew Marney to be a shrewd judge of form came up to him at the ringside.

"Backing anything in this bunch, Marney?" they asked.

Marney stared thoughtfully at the filly called Petronella, a smile playing around his mouth. "Petronella," he said dreamily. "I am probably backing Petronella, for purely sentimental reasons."

They shouted with laughter and went away, still laughing at Marney's joke, deciding he had something up his sleeve he did not intend to give away.

It was then he noticed the girl who was standing beside him. Perhaps it was because she was wearing a big hat and one of those frocks that were ageless and dateless for the *jeune fille*; something fluffy, with a sash round the waist,

(Continued on page 44)



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SENTIMENTAL REASONS—(Continued from page 42)

and essentially young. It was just the kind of frock Petronella had always worn for summer occasions and, though he supposed it must be a trick of fancy, there was a hint of the perfume she had used clinging round this girl like a faint aura.

He was curiously stirred. He wanted the girl to look up so that he could see her face. It was downbent over her card. He could see the small hand that held the card was trembling, and the other was nervously crumpling what looked like a five-pound note. She looked up suddenly as though conscious of his scrutiny. Her lovely childish mouth was set and her eyes held the desperation of a cornered animal.

"Do you really think it will win?" she asked anxiously.

Marney scarcely heard the question. He was staring down at her in open-mouthed amazement. "Petronella!" he gasped.

She nodded. "Yes," she said, "You told those men you were going to back it. Do you think it will win?"

"It must be Petronella." He spoke as if to himself, and yet with compelling emphasis.

"Oh, thank you," she breathed. "It's terribly important."

Before he could speak again or stop her she had gone; vanished into thin air, it seemed. Marney stared round, bewildered; quite seriously wondering if he had seen a ghost. It had been Petronella standing beside him; Petronella as young and lovely as she had been twenty-five years ago.

He became almost convinced she must have been a ghost as he hurried through the crowd looking for her in vain. The saddling-bell went and he had not caught a glimpse of her. She was not in the queues at the Tote windows, or walking over the lawns, where many of the smart people congregated between the races. He was beginning to feel a little queer about the whole business. He knew women had miraculous things done to their faces to keep their youth, but he had heard of no process which kept them at a standstill for twenty-five years. In any case, ghost or reality, he wanted to tell her not to back Petronella. The filly had not a chance against Golden Shadow and at least half-a-dozen more. The child had obviously, for some desperate reason, been anxious to find a winning bet.

The runners began to filter out to canter down to the start. Golden Shadow, made favourite, came by, moving freely, prompting murmurs of admiration from wisecracks among the crowd. Damozel, a small dappled grey like a rocking-horse, looked promising, and attracted some attention.

Then came a bunch going by in quick succession: Jack Spratt, Leonora, Bonetta, Dawn Maid, Silverstream, and several others. Petronella followed with a rather lazy, loping gallop, the tiny apprentice on her back looking like a monkey clinging to the reins. Lightfoot Filly came after her, the last of the cavalcade pounding down to the start. Marney watched their flying heels disappearing over the five furlongs. He judged Golden Shadow to be the probable winner; though two-year-olds were tricky cattle to gamble on. He cast a last look round for the girl. She was nowhere in sight; whereupon, as an act of expiation, Marney put ten pounds each way on Petronella, which obliging bookies were eager to lay at 33 to 1. Quixotically, he left

Golden Shadow alone. It was not fair that he should win, he told himself, after misleading the poor little anxious ghost or double of Petronella.

He managed to squeeze on to the stand just before the start, to be wedged between a mountainous woman unsuitably clad in pink and a man who dealt him sharp thrusts with a bony elbow every time he raised his binoculars. The bell went for the start. Glasses were levelled, and eyes strained to pick up the jockeys' bobbing colours and the dark mass of racing horses coming into sight on the far side. Just discernible there was something in front, with the rest bunched together close behind.

"Golden Shadow leading!" somebody called out.

They came nearer; the chestnut colt with the crouching jockey in green and maroon still holding the lead. Damozel and Silverstream were close up; five or six others pounded on their heels, while the rest were rapidly being tailed off.

"Golden Shadow coming home alone!" yelled an optimist.

"Go-olde Sha-adow!" the crowd roared, as the horses came into the last furlong, with the favourite still leading gamely.

But the cry died suddenly in their throats. Something came through on the rails; something hitherto unconsidered and unnoticed; a small bay filly, saved with rare judgment for a strong finish. She passed Damozel and Silverstream with ridiculous ease, and drew level, with Golden Shadow. For a split second they raced neck and neck, then the filly drew out, to win comfortably from the now failing favourite by half a length.

For a moment there was the curiously numb silence that follows a rank outsider's win. People stared a little dazedly at the numbers going up in the frame, and asked each other vague questions.

"Number Five? Petronella? Never heard of it!"

The woman in pink turned to Marney excitedly; her moon-like face with its several chins flushed beneath her mistakenly youthful hat.

"Was it really Petronella?" she asked. "Has it won?"

Marney nodded. "It has," he told her. "A 33-to-1 outsider."

"I backed it," she squeaked excitedly, as she began to grope in the depths of a fantastic handbag for her ticket; "I backed it because my name is Petronella."

Marney stared down at her in horrified amazement; the huge arms bulging from childish puff-sleeves; the ridiculous frock made of some kind of pink muslin. Yet, though travestied and well-nigh submerged, he could see now an elusive likeness to the girl he had thought was Petronella. He watched her descending the steps rather laboriously; his suspicions becoming a dreadful certainty.

He felt a tug at his sleeve. The girl Petronella was at his elbow, her face radiant beneath the big hat with its curving brim. "Thank you so much," she said breathlessly. "I put everything on it, and it has got me out of an awful jam. Bridge," she confided. "I was a fool, and had to give an I.O.U. I couldn't pay. Of course I rather fancied that horse myself," she went on, "because mother's name is Petronella; but I couldn't afford to bet for sentimental reasons to-day. Too risky."

"There is always a risk of losing something," agreed Marney, as he thought of one perfectly good fireside dream that had turned tail and fled for ever. [THE END.]



MRS. MICHAEL PORTMAN AND FAMILY

The former Miss June Charles married Captain the Hon. Gerald Portman's younger son in 1930 and is the justifiably proud mother of two particularly nice children. Davina, the first-born, is four years old, and brother Edward will be three in April. All three of Mr. David Charles's daughters are very attractive-looking. One of them, Pat Charles, the artist, recently became Mrs. Owen Roberts

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Bödele	...	3,762	Galtür	...	5,224	St. Anton a/Arlberg	...	4,300	Bad Aussee	...	2,145
Brand	...	3,460	Gerlos	...	4,095	St. Johann i/Tirol	...	2,211	Mariazell	...	2,887
Gargellen	...	4,620	Gerlosplatte	...	5,600	III. SALZBURG			Mitterndorf	...	2,680
Körbersee	...	5,594	Hintertux	...	4,930	Hofgastein	...	2,870	Turracherhöhe	...	5,818
Lech a/Arlberg	...	4,620	Hochsölden	...	6,830	Lofer	...	2,140	VI. UPPER AUSTRIA		
Schröcken	...	4,191	Igls	...	2,700	Radstadt	...	2,825	Bad Ischl	...	1,544
Schruns	...	2,308	Ischl	...	4,544	Saalbach	...	3,300	Feuerkogel	...	5,280
Stuben a/Arlberg	...	4,520	Kitzbühel	...	2,650	St. Johann i/Pongau	...	1,874	Spital a/Pyhrn	...	2,177
Zires a/Arlberg	...	5,676	Kitzbühel-Ehrenbachhöhe	...	6,030	Zell a/See	...	2,487	VII. LOWER AUSTRIA		
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THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

by

M.E. Brooke

THINGS are not always what they seem, and although the dress on this page appears to be a modish affair, it is really a maternity frock which has been designed and carried out by the Treasure Cot Company, 103, Oxford Street. The fabricating medium suggests satin back marocain; nevertheless, it is superior to this material. The wide scarf sprayed with diamante studs may be arranged in a variety of ways to help the figure, while the cost is eleven guineas. There are other dresses from forty-five shillings; they are illustrated in the brochure, which will gladly be sent on application. The success of the maternity gowns in these salons is controlled by their method of extension. They are designed to expand as the figure changes, without destroying the line



Picture by Blake

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Everything for making Layette.

Lengths of our world-famous Laces, Materials, Embroideries, etc., at bargain prices. Selection sent to choose from during Sale.

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There are numerous lengths, Beautiful Chiffons, Ninons, Satins, Crêpe-de-Chine, etc.

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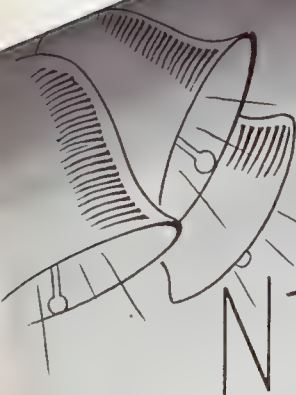
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One of these gay little flowers transforms a bath into an alluring luxury—delicately coloured, subtly perfumed, and covered with a foam softer than swan's down.

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NEW YEAR

NOTIONS



TAILORED suits slightly waisted with rather deep basques flared at the sides are rapidly coming into their own; the shoulders are stiffened, and there are lapels of black piqué or organza, square at the base but mitred at the sides. Skirts are straight, the necessary fullness being introduced at the sides or in front. Redingotes will appear in a new guise, that is to say, cut on the lines of a princess slip. They are high at the neck and finished with a cluster of buttons, the same idea being repeated at the waist. As this style only suits the very slender it is sure to be submitted to many variations as the season advances. An attempt is being made to create a vogue for skirts that are pleated all round and swing freely, worn with corsages whose fount of inspiration is the time-honoured tailored shirt

NOTHING can possibly cast a shadow over the vogue for the true or classic tailor-made, in the building of which Kenneth Durward, Ulster House, Conduit Street, excels. To this firm must be given the credit of the simple suit portrayed above. It seems almost unnecessary to add that it is admirably tailored and the cut is *sans reproche*; nevertheless, the cost is merely eight and a half guineas. A feature is made here of shooting suits of hairy finished tweed belted at the sides only. The coat on the left is carried out in Cumberland tweed; at the back it is worked in squares to give a yoked effect, and of it one may become the possessor for nine guineas. Ribbed camel hair cloth is used for another coat; the sleeves are of the loose Raglan character and are wide at the wrists

Pictures by Blake

This week at the
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 Marvellous undie bargains
 ALL AT **£1**



Men tailored Dressing Gown—in heavy Marocain, with contrasting white spot, stitched revers and pockets. In Navy, Bottle, Saxe and Wine. now £1

A Perfect dream—Nightie in Satin or Chiffon with cobwebby lace trimming. Peach or Ivory. now £1

Delicious Cami-knick beautifully cut and trimmed with fine needle-run lace in Satin or Crepe de Chine. Peach or Ivory. now £1

ALL-SILK UNDIES
£1

Tiny pintucks—are an exquisite feature of this lace trimmed Nightie. In Satin or Chiffon—Peach, Turquoise or Ivory. now £1

£1



You'll adore this—a set in Crepe de Chine or Satin—lavishly lace trimmed. Peach or Ivory. now £1

Lots of odd knicks—in Satin, Chiffon or Crepe de Chine—lace trimmed or plain. **10/-**

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WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS



COMMANDER G. F. N. BRADFORD,
R.N., AND MRS. BRADFORD

Photographed after their marriage in December in Shanghai. Commander George Francis Norton Bradford is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Bradford, of Bursted Manor, Upper Hardres, near Canterbury, and his bride was formerly Miss Ethelwynne Anne Spence, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Spence, of Shanghai.

Marrying Shortly.

On January 26, Captain Richard Moubray Allfrey and Miss Bridgit Iris French Blake are being married at Lyminge parish church; Mr. R. G. Browne and Miss I. M. Swinburne are being married at St. Bartholomew's, Kirkwhelpington, on February 6; on the same day, Mr. Gerard Freeman and Miss Trifine Weld are to be married at Chideock Manor Church, Chideock, Dorset.

* * *

Abroad.

Mr. John Perkins and Miss Jane Hope are being married in Hamilton, Ontario, on January 22; at the end of January, the marriage is taking place in Jerusalem between Major C. N. Bednall, M.C., and Miss Eileen Margaret Lewin.

* * *

Recently Engaged.

Captain Christopher Dudley Miller, 10th Royal Hussars, the second son of the late Mr. Thomas Butt Miller and of Mrs. Butt Miller, of



Fayer of Vienna

MISS BARBARA MARTIN-HURST

Whose engagement was announced recently to Mr. Maurice Carey Wilks, the youngest son of the late Mr. T. Wilks and Mrs. Wilks, of Ewshott House, Farnham, is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Martin-Hurst, of The End House, Roehampton

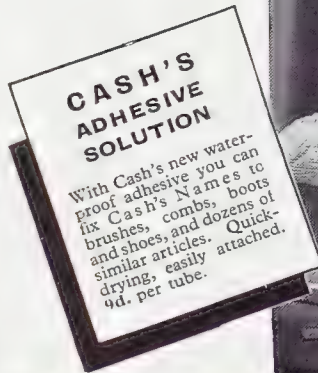
Kingscote Park, Tetbury, Gloucestershire, and Miss Kathleen Winifrede Archer-Shee, the daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel Sir Martin Archer-Shee, C.M.G., D.S.O., and of Lady Archer-Shee, of Ashurst Lodge, Ascot, Berkshire; Lieutenant John Valentine Waterhouse, R.N., the younger son of the late Mr. Humphrey Waterhouse and of Mrs. Waterhouse, of Millbay, East Portleymouth, Devon, and Miss Laleah Farquharson,

the daughter of the late Mr. Robert Nesham Farquharson and of Mrs. Farquharson, of Whitstone House, Bovey Tracy, Devon; Mr. Ralph Dundas, the younger son of the late Mr. Robert W. Dundas and Mrs. Dundas, of 39, Hill Street, W., and Miss Catharine Geraldine Hotham, the youngest daughter of the late Mr. J. B. Hotham and Mrs. Hotham, of Milne Graden, Coldstream, Berwickshire; Dr. J. H. Walters, of Chudleigh, Devon, and Miss J. I. N. McIntyre, the only daughter of Dr. E. McIntyre, of Mitcham, Surrey.



MR. AND MRS. D. L. RHYS

Whose marriage took place last month at St. Mary's, Builth. Mr. David Llewellyn Rhys, 240 South Wales Borderers, is the elder son of Colonel and Mrs. Owen Rhys, of 23, Park Place, Cardiff, and his wife was formerly Miss Iris Wilson, the elder daughter of Commander and Mrs. Alce Wilson, of Garth House, Builth, Breconshire.



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Country coats in a large variety of styles, perfectly tailored in the finest materials - - - - - from

£4

(Usually 6 to 10 gns.)

Travelling ulsters and town coats in many attractive styles and materials - - - - - from

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SALE PRICE 12½ GNS

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Again we have secured some of this lady's WONDERFUL LATEST MODEL EVENING and DAY GOWNS, COATS, 2 and 3-PIECE SUITS, etc., created by CHANEL, PAQUIN (worn once only). Our prices 3 to 10 gns. (orig. cost approx. 40 gns. each). Also DANCE FRÖCKS, COSTUMES, etc., from 21/-, by EMINENT HOUSES. RIDING HABITS by BUSVINE. HANDSOME ERMINE CAPE (Fox Collar) by BRADLEY. As new. 40 gns. **REGENT DRESS CO.**
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From the Shires and Provinces—cont. from p. 8

minutes from Banks Fee and killing their fox, who towards the end of the hunt was up a tree for the second time, and nearish the top, too. This sent everyone home in the right frame of mind for Christmas.

On Boxing Day we met at Chipping Norton, when a huge holiday crowd assembled at the meet and followed in cars, and we hope that they thoroughly enjoyed their outing. The day was marred by a train going through the pack when crossing the Banbury-Kingham railway; this was particularly distressing as it is a single line with about a single train *per diem*. Hats off to the young gentleman from Nether Worton for a very gallant in and out over gates; no gate-crashing about him, and he and his enthusiasm are very welcome guests in these parts.

From the Grafton

After being liberally entertained by Mrs. Barnard on Monday, the field moved off from their fixture at Duncote. We did not find at Astcote Thorns, but had a busy time with a twisting fox from Bushy End. A member of the hunt staff was not to be deterred from jumping a fence where there was wire, although warned by our huntsman, incurring a righteous volley of abuse in consequence. We did not persevere with a fox from Pattishall as he was heading for a veritable birdcage of wired country. Horse-mastership is not a strong point with one friend of mine who complained that a horse she had recently bought kept lying down in his cage with violent indigestion! Possibly she had been feeding it on the wrong seed!!

Christmas Eve from Sulgrave was a real broth of a day and must have satisfied the veriest glutton for jumping and given him a fine appetite for his turkey and plum pudding. We all enjoyed it hugely, and were glad to show such good sport to our friends from Warwickshire. There were plenty of falls. The Boxing Day meet at Towcester brought out a smattering of redoubtables with an enormous following of cars and bicycles. They managed, however, to enjoy a good gallop in foggy weather.

There was a huge field on Monday at Farthingstone, where we enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Agnew. The fog rapidly descended, and after a couple of hours the master was forced to take hounds home.

From the Fernie

The dormant village of Foxton woke to life on Monday, where one of our largest fields foregathered. The three joint masters were present, and it was good to see the younger generation so well represented. Lady Zia Wernher's family made a brave show down to Myra, the youngest, who takes her own line now when her attendant groom is not looking. The Foxton vulps could not be located, but a rare hunt from the Reservoir spinnies set us a-going, covering hill and dale to the Laughton hills, where our fox got in. There were a few mishaps. Mrs. Jack, who goes so well, took a toss but got up again to continue the day. The Pagets were out *en famille*, and Rupert was in the fighting line again. With the point-to-points in the offing, an ideal course for our next meeting has been selected not far from Papillon. King's Norton on Thursday drew an extra big field. Amongst the car spectators were Prince Frederick and Princess Cecilie of Prussia, who were in the Wernher house party. The rapture of the chase, however, was short-lived, as that fine old sportsman, the Squire of Billesdon Coplow, who was hunting with us this day, came to a tragic end, dying on the field. This, of course, sent us all home much saddened. The Boxing Day meet at Great Bowden brought out shoals of foot, bicycles and motor cars. Unfortunately, visibility was of the worst, and, except at the meet, little was seen of horse and hound.

From Lincolnshire

Boxing Day hunting was all but spoilt by another unexpected fog, but rather than disappoint huge holiday crowds, the various county packs turned out, and all but the Southwold found it possible to hunt. In the Brocklesby country the new Lord and Lady Yarborough were given a warm welcome by the multitude who assembled at Newsham Lodge, and they got a thrill when hounds killed a fox in full view of the crowd in Brocklesby Park.

The Blankney were at Coleby Hall, but there was a veritable smoke screen in the Vale, and so the motor contingent saw little of a brief dart from Harmston Low Covert. Later foxes were hard to find.

The biggest crowd of all was with the Belvoir at Grantham, where 5,000 people saw the meet on St. Peter's Hill, and followers were sent off full of "spirits" from the Guildhall by the Mayor and Corporation. George was resting a broken rib, so Frank, who carried the horn, brought off a pretty cross-country gallop from Allington to Westborough and back—10 or 11 miles—in 1 hour 20 minutes. We hope the lady in a pork-pie hat suffered no damage when she took an ugly toss near the Great North Road.

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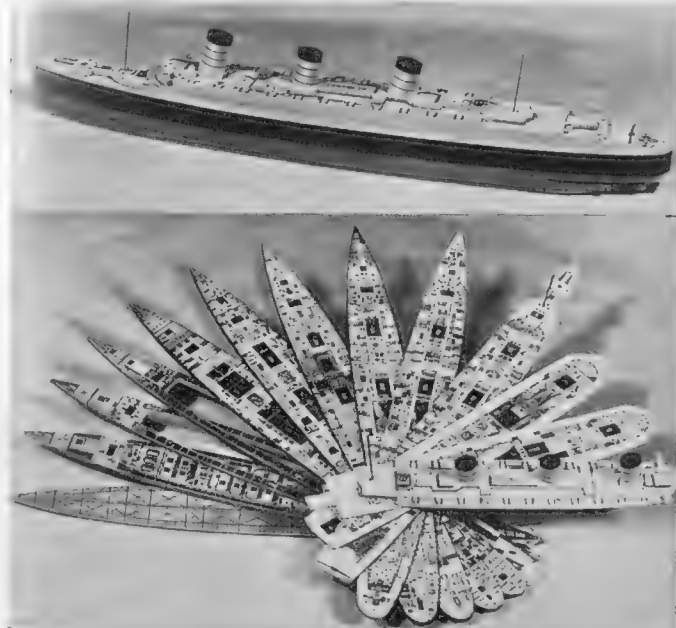
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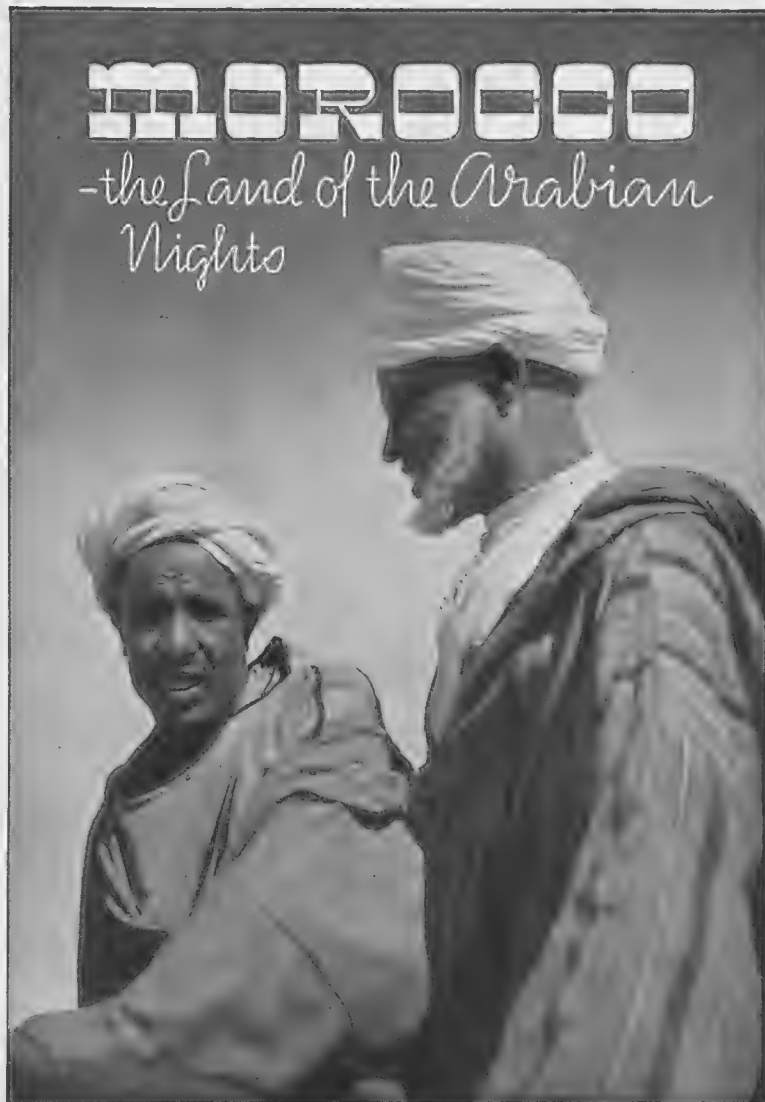
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Pictures in the Fire—continued from p. 31

the wuss that she tried to kiss the Herzog's hand, much to his horror, and the indignation of his wife, who wouldn't have a hope even with a "feather" on her back in a bathing belle contest. To pile Ossa upon Pelion, so Mike says, the senior church-warden, a leading light in the undertaking profession, must also have heard his Momma-in-law mention about the fluids, because he beat the whole field in the scamper from the church to the house, and won with



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MADGE ELLIOTT (PRINCE CHARMING) AND EDNA BEST (CINDERELLA) IN THE LONDON COLISEUM PANTOMIME

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his toes in his boots by an easy six lengths. He said he wanted to see the vicar about Evensong. Mike says, "My foot to that!" The last straw was when Mrs. Vicar said that Mike "must come to the parochial tea next Wednesday," because she was so sure he would be "so useful at the butter hatch," and Mike said he didn't know what a butter-hatch was, and thought tea was just muck! Very sorry for my

old friend, but, thank goodness, he has a perception of the lighter side of things. Better luck next Christmas!

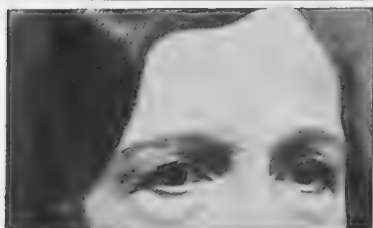
Another old pal of many of us, whose identity is hardly veiled at all to his own generation by the *nom de guerre* of "Flash Alf," gave me a hail just before Christmas, and had the courage to say that he had almost forgotten what a fox looked like, and had settled down to the life of an eremite in the Devon hills—and he one-time master and huntsman of the Peshawur Vale hounds, whose country contains some chasms and banks that might make even Meath itself look silly. "Alf," of course, was also a personality in many other fox-hunting locations, and a corker to go at all times. He was the hero of the adventure (in India) when his best and newest pair of Maxwells got properly salivated by a dip Master took in one of the deep water-courses, and having told his bearer, or Indian valet, to fill them with hot bran before treeing them up, was horrified when he saw them up to the brim with some mushy fluid. The man, like master, having had to do with horses all his life, always associated bran with a bran-mash! Whether "Alf's" boots ever recovered I never heard, but it was a sad and dreadful thing to happen to one who was ever the dressiest of the dressy.



Kay Vaughan

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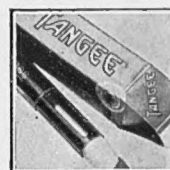
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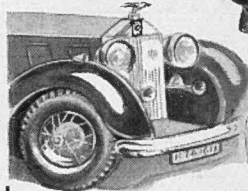


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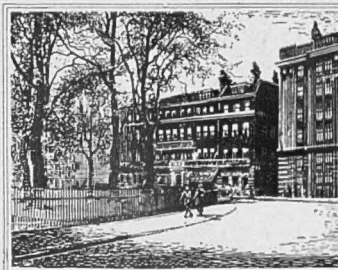
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